



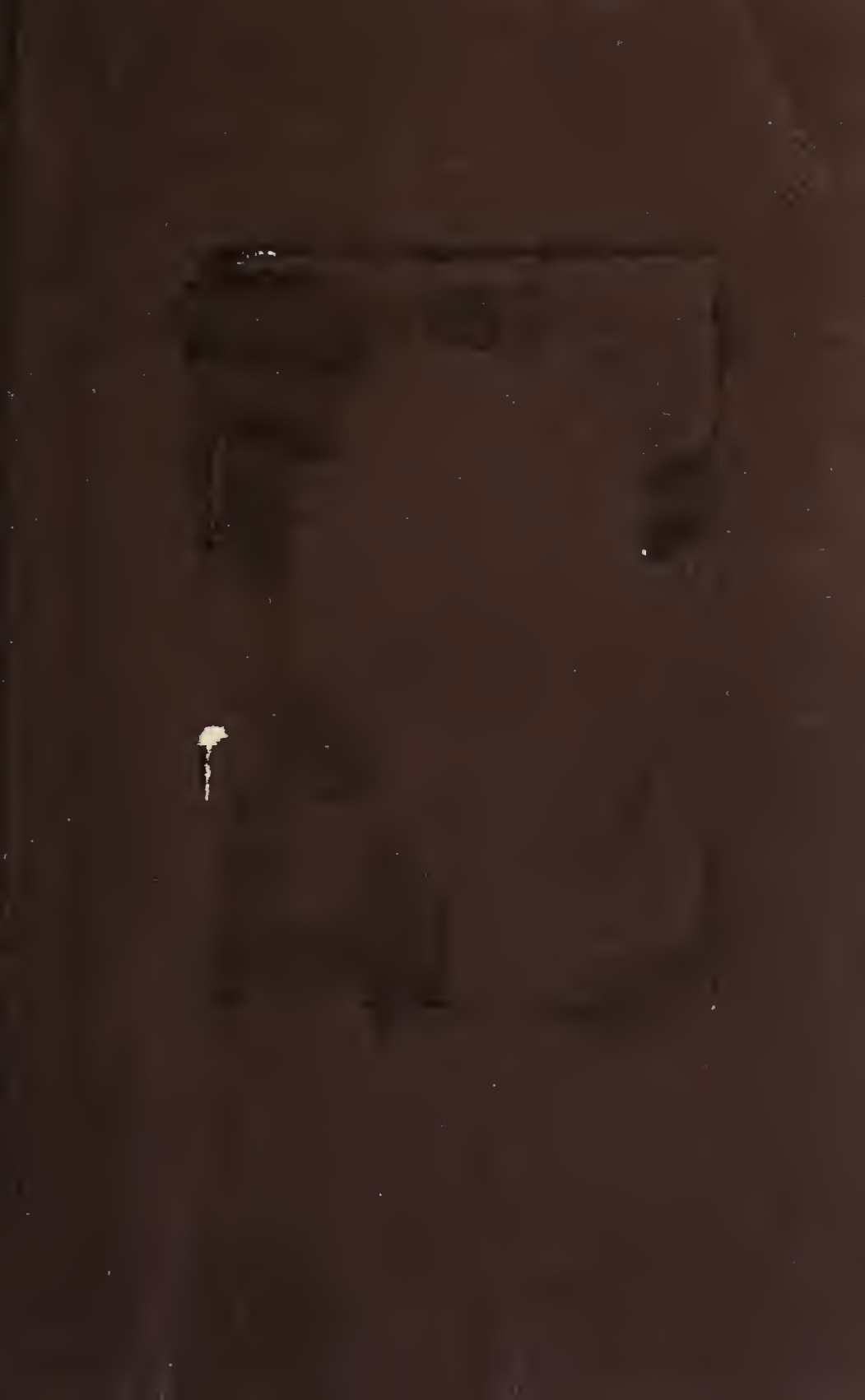
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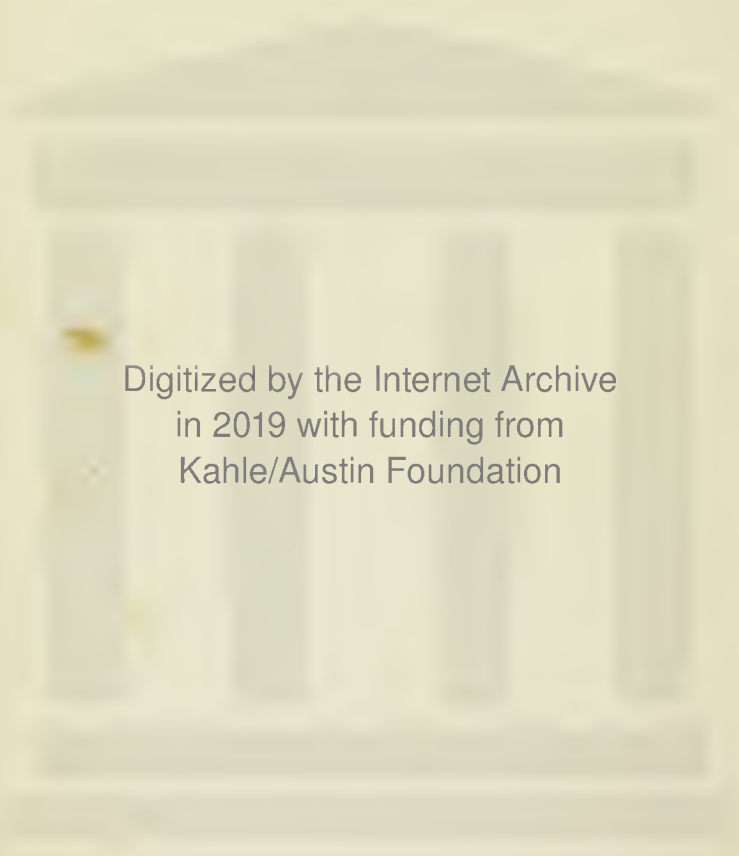
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1874.



THE
ODES, EPODES,
CARMEN SECULARE,
AND
THE FIRST SATIRE,
OF
HORACE:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY
CHRISTOPHER HUGHES.

WITH THE
LATIN TEXT, INDEX OF PROPER NAMES,
AND OF FIRST LINES.

Omne."

"I secundo

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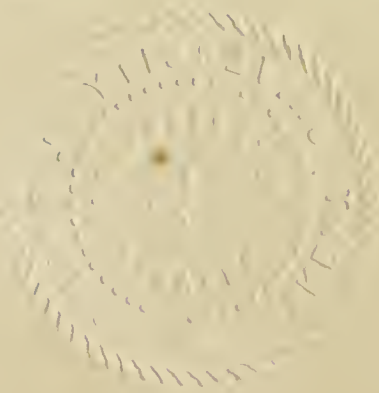
AMONGST WHOM I SHOULD SIMPLY BE AN INGRATE, DID

I NOT ESPECIALLY MENTION MY KIND FRIEND,

G. J. DE WILDE.



000537



P R E F A C E .

I SHALL trouble my readers with very few comments on the translation I have attempted, and with no notes. The numerous lives of Horace and the exhaustive notes—"thick as leaves in Vall'ombrosa"—render it quite needless to add to them, and they are easily accessible. One thing I would point out, which I believe makes this Work of some value to the student, viz. : the Index to the "Proper Names" and to the first lines of the Latin Odes. I am here of course indebted, very gratefully, to former editions of the text of Horace; but no translation has appeared with an Index, as far as I am aware. As the Latin accompanies the English, it did not seem necessary to give an Index to the translations themselves.

Doubtless it is a bold attempt on my part—or on the part of any one—to try to render Horace into English, and to publish that attempt with the Latin on the opposite page, shewing at a glance the sad falling off from the original, which too surely must often occur. Still it was thought a boon to the purchaser to give the Latin text, as every reader at all able to enter into the spirit of the original, must want, from time to time, to consult the "*ipssissima verba*," just to see how *this*, or that, aspirant has "*done* them into English."

By the bye, two notes appear, one of them taken from Martial, which seemed rather peculiarly illustrative of the meaning of the Ode—obscure without it; I have not met with this note elsewhere.—*See Book 1. Ode 36.*

As to any plan in this translation, I am like Canning's "Needy Knife Grinder" in the "Poetry of the Antijacobin"—"Story, God bless you; I have none to tell, Sir.'"—"Plan—I have none to tell of!" There really was no regular plan, tho' I may fairly state that I never undertook the translation of any Ode without much thought, and trying to select the metre most appropriate, both as to it's form and substance.

I am unconscious of any borrowing, except from Major Whyte Melville, and perhaps a few more, but this in the matter of metre only.

These translations, with very few exceptions, have appeared at intervals, from as far back as the year 1859, in the columns of the *Northampton Mercury*, whose friendly and genial editor, Mr. De Wilde, has earned a deep debt of gratitude from me. His kindly supervision has been bestowed upon these translations, both during their first appearance, and since, whilst the proofs were corrected.

I must add, by way of mere self-defence, that in translating these Odes, I sometimes used one edition of the text, and sometimes another. Now an old "Elzivir," now a "Milman," then a "Delphin," and

then perhaps a Weber's "German Corpus." I was not then aware of the many discrepancies existing. Take for instance Book iv, Ode vii, in the 15th line of the Latin, we find, in many, nay, most editions we believe, "pius Æneas;" but lo! some editions, and notably the one taken for our text—the "Oxford Pocket Classics" Edition of 1865—have "pater Æneas;" and so, in many instances, the Latin texts differ.

May the ghosts of Creech and Francis, and the living presence of Lord Ravensworth, approve of the daring appendage of the Latin text! I follow, I hope, a good example.

The satire is only an experiment. It is in the metre of *Pulci and Berni*, the first so well in part translated by Byron, and the other so ably imitated by him and Frere.

Of course, I do not pretend to say, that in turning "longs" (i.e. hexameters) into the metre of the "*Morgante Maggiore*" of Pulci, I am at all approaching the Horatian measure; still I contend, that as the Italian follows the Latin in the sequence of languages, and as English also partially follows both, the form adopted may give something of the Spirit of Roman Satire,—"*spiritum tenucm*,"—I admit.



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ERRATA.

- Page 27, Lib i., Carm. ix., lino 13—for “fatur” read futurum.
line 18—for “canaties” read canities.
- P. 40, Odo xiii., 5th verse, lino 2—for “unarmed” read un-
harmed.
- P. 41, line 4—add full stop after jecur.
- P. 43, Carm. xiv.—For “Ad rem Publicam” read Ad Rem-
publicam.
- P. 78, last line but one—for “But yet make haste,” read
Whate’er your haste.
- P. 85, Carm. xxxi., line 3—for “Fundceans” read Fundens.
- P. 113, Carm. iii.—for “temperatem” read temperatam.
- P. 116, Ode v., verse 2, line 3—for “soon” read seen.
- P. 121, line 11—for “vertus” read virtus.
- P. 140, last line—for “and” read nor.
- P. 189, Lib. iii., Carm. v., line 24—for “populato” read
populata.
- P. 164, verso 4, line 3—for “Ibernians” read Iberians.
- P. 188—for “Fortiduds” read Fortitude; line 4, for “When”
read Now.
- P. 190, line 15—for peried substitute comma at end of line.
- P. 256—The interrogation (?) should end the first line and not
the second.
- P. 282—The inverted eemmas are crroncously eentintued to the
last four lines. The speech of Hannibal closes with the line
“The fortuna of our name and rae is past.”
- The Poet then resumes his refleetiens.
- P. 328, 5th verse, end of lino 2—for “Aventine” read Palatine.
- P. 377, Ad Canidiam, line 4—for “Pot” read Per.

THE
ODES OF HORACE.

ODES. BOOK I.

Ode I.—To MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, sprung from ancient kings,
My praise, my glory, and my guard ;
Some love to gather dust which springs
In race Olympic, hot wheels driven
Clear of the goal,—the palm's reward,—
Exalt these lords of earth to Heaven.

One, if the fickle Roman crowd
Would raise him thrice to honours proud—
Another, if his garner shields
Whole harvests of the Lybian fields—
Or loves his father's land to plough—
The wealth of Attalus shall fail
To make as fearful shipman sail
Myrtoa's sea in Cyprian prow.
The merchant, with uneasy mind,
Dwelling on Afric's raging wind
Joined with the Icarian waves in strife,
Praises his easy country life ;
But soon, compelled by want, equips
Again for sea his shaken ships.
I've known the man who will not turn
From cups of ancient Massic wine,
Nor from the busy day will spurn
To take a part—and now supine

LIBER PRIMUS.

Carmen I.—AD MÆCENATEM.

MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum !
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat ; metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos :
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus ;
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis,
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui ; mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die

Beneath an Arbutus reclino
Embowered, or at the gentle source
Whence sacred waters take their course.
Many the camp will most rejoice
With trump and clarion's mingled voice,
And wars by mothers much abhorred.
Beneath the cold and wintry sky
The hunter dwells, nor can afford
For tender wife a thought or sigh ;
If the staunch dogs a stag have found,
Or Marsian boar hath burst the bound
Of close-drawn nets which hemmed him round.
Me, shall the scholar's crown of pride,
Ivy unite with gods above ;
The gentle troop, in shady grove
Of nymphs and satyrs me divide
From vulgar reach, if, my desire,
Euterpe's double pipe is lent,
And Polyhymnia consent,
To tune for me the Lesbian lyre.
If, ranked with lyric bards I rise,
My lofty head will touch the skies.

Spérnit, nunc viridi membra sub arbulo
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lenæ caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permixtus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dîs miscent superis; me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo, si neque tibus
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbitou.
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

Ode II.—To AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Enough of dreadful hail and snow
Now Jove hath sent on earth below ;
Shrines feel his red hand's lightning blow ;
The Romans tremble :

The nations dread to see draw near
Sad Pyrrha's monstrous age, and fear
Lest Proteus' herd on mountains here
Again assemble.

When in tall elms, the dove's known shade,
Fish hung entangled, whilst afraid,
Stags swam the deluge to evade,
Which nature dooms.

We saw the Tiber's yellow stream
On Tuscan shores no longer gleam,
But bowed at Vesta's temple seem,
And kingly tombs ;

Forgetful of sad Ilia never,
For vengeance cries the uxorious river,
And o'er his left bank rushes ever,
Jove disapproving.

Few, through their fathers' civil rage,
Our youth shall hear in this sad age
How swords, which Parthians should engage,
Slay brothers loving.

Ode III.—TO THE SHIP ABOUT TO CARRY VIRGIL
TO ATHENS.

You, Cyprus' powerful goddess, guide;
 You, Helen's brothers, lucid stars;
 For you may Æolus provide
 A fair west wind, the whilst he bars
 All other gales; O! ship, you owe
 A debt in Virgil, I implore
 From Athens bear him safe, and so
 Half of my soul to me restore.
 Oak, triple brass, about his breast
 Had he, in fragile ships who first
 Trusted himself where storms molest,
 And dared to brave the headlong burst
 Of Afric's wind, which meets the North;
 And rainy Hyades, when raves
 The South, which great in power goes forth
 To raise or calm the Hadrian waves.
 What kind of death can him alarm
 Whom never swimming monster shocks,
 And swelling seas, and threatening harm,
 Ill-famed Acroceraunia's rocks?
 In vain the Deity's kind care,
 By ocean, lands hath severed far,
 If impious ships we still prepare
 To pass what should our passage bar.
 In all things rash, the human race
 Rushes through all forbidden ill;

Carmen III.—AD NAVEM QUA VEHEBATUR VIRGILIUS,
ATHENAS PROFICISCENS.

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
 Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
 Ventorumque regat pater
 Obstrietis aliis præter Iapyga,
 Navis, quæ tibi creditum
 Debes Virgilium, finibus Attieis
 Reddas incolumem, preeor,
 Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
 Illi robur et æs triplex
 Circa peetus erat, qui fragilem truei
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus nec timuit præcipitem Africum
 Decertantem Aquilonibus
 Nee tristes Hyadas nee rabiem Noti,
 Quo non arbiter Hadriæ
 Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
 Quem mortis timuit gradum,
 Qui sicis oculis monstra natantia,
 Qui vidit mare turgidum et
 Infames scopulos Aeroeeraunia?
 Nequiequam Deus abseidit
 Prudens Oceano dissoeiabili
 Terras, si tamen impiæ
 Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
 Audax omnia perpeti
 Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas

To Japet's son the nations trace
Their fire brought down by evil skill.
When fire from the ethereal halls
Was stolen first, another band
Of fevers new and leanness falls,
And speedier death upon the land ;
Death, sure before, but slowly came.
See Dædalus the empty air
Explore with wings not man's to claim.
See Hercules to Hell repair ;
Man nought too arduous hath confest ;
Our folly climbs the heavens above,
Nor will our wickedness let rest
The angry thunderbolts of Jove.

Andax Iapeti genus
 Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit
Post ignem ætheria domo
 Subductum macies et nova febrinum
Terris incubuit cohors,
 Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.
 Expertus vacuum Dædalus æra
Pennis non homini datis ;
 Perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor.
Nil mortalibus ardui est ;
 Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
 Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

Ode IV.—TO LUCIUS SEXTIUS.

Bitter Winter, now dissolving,
Changes into balmy spring ;
Dry keels glide on logs revolving,
Herds no more to stables cling.
Hearths no more the ploughman fancies,
Nor with frost are meadows white ;
Cytherea leads the dances
By the moon's increasing light.
Nymphs and comely Graces beating,
On alternate foot the ground,
While hot Vulcan's forge is heating
For his Cyclops labouring round.
Now your head, with unguents shining,
Crown with myrtle or fresh flowers ;
Kid or goat, his life resigning,
Faunus asks in shady bowers.
Pale Death's equal foot is pushing
Poor men's huts and towers of kings.
Happy Sextius ! Life's quick rushing
Little hope of lasting brings :—
Night weighs on you, powers infernal,
Pluto's barren mean abode,
Which once entered is eternal,
Never there hath lot bestowed
The revels mastership inspiring,
Nor tender Lycidas shall charm,
Him the youths are now admiring,
Soon his love shall maidens warm.

Carmen IV.—AD L. SEXTIUM.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,

 Trahūntque siccas machinæ carinas.

Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni ;

 Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna,

 Junctæque Nymphis Gratiaë decentes

Alternò terram quatiant pede, dum graves Cyclopum

 Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto

 Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.

Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,

 Seu poscat agna sive malit hædo.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas

 Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

 Jam te premet nox fabulæque Manes

Et domus exilis Plutonia ; quo simul mearis,

 Nec regna vini sortière talis,

Nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet juvenus

 Nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.

Ode v.—To PYRRHA.

Pyrrha, what tender youth may now
With odours sprinkled, urge the vow
'Mid roses in some pleasant cave?
For whom is bound your yellow hair
With your own neat and simple care?
Oft will he view the cruel wave
By black winds raised, oft wondering mourn
For Faith and Love without return.

Who now has won you, trusting boy,
Believes you, golden in his joy:
Hopes, ignorant of storms, to find
You ever his and ever kind.

Hapless are they for whom you shine
Untried. The mighty Sea-god's shrine
Shews, in my votive tablet there,
My dripping clothes suspended were.

Carmen v.—AD PYRRHAM.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?
 Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis ? Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit et aspera
 Nigris æquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea ;
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
 Sperat nescius auræ
 Fallacis. Miseri, quibus
Intentata nites ! Me tabula saccr
Votiva paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

Ode VI.—TO VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA.

Varius, who soars upon the wing
 Of the Mæonian verse, shall sing
 Of you, Agrippa, brave, victorious,
 And of your soldiers' actions glorious,
 How when you lead they conquest force
 By sea or land, with ship or horse.

We smaller bards must not pretend
 To such high subjects to ascend :
 To sing Achilles quenchless wrath
 Or on the ocean wave the path
 Of wise Ulysses' wanderings show,
 Or cruel Pelops' house of woe.

Shame and the peaceful Lyric Muse
 Makes us through lack of skill refuse
 Faintly for you the song to raise
 Or thus to sound great Cæsar's praise.

Who worthily of Mars shall write
 In adamantine armour dight ?
 Or Merion black with dust of Troy,
 Or Diomed who doth enjoy
 Fame like the Gods by Pallas' might ?

We sing of feasts, and whether free
 Or bound in Cupid's bonds we be,
 Light-hearted still the story blend
 How youths and maidens will contend ;
 Tho' needless all the youth's alarm
 Little the maiden means to harm.

Carmen VI.—AD AGRIPPAM.

Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium
 Victor Mæonii carminis alite,
 Quam rem eunq̄ue ferox navibus aut equis
 Miles te duce gesserit.

Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
 Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii,
 Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixci,
 Nec sævam Pelopis domum

Conamur, tenues grandia, dum pudor
 Imbellisque lyræ Musa potens vetat
 Laudes egregii Cæsaris et tutas
 Culpa deterere ingeni.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
 Digne scripserit ? aut pulvere Troieo
 Nigrum Merionen ? aut ope Palladis
 Tydiden Superis parem ?

Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum
 Sectis in juvenes unguibus aerium
 Cantamus vacui sive quid urimur,
 Non præter solitum leves.

Ode VII.—TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Let others praise bright Rhodes, the excellent,
 Sing Mitylene, Ephesus, the walls
 Of Corinth which two seaward sides present,
 Thebes famed for Bacchus, Delphos which recalls
 Apollo's name ; Thessalian Tempe too :
 Some, if in living verse they sing the praise
 Of virgin Pallas' city, think they do
 Enough the fame of olive crowns to raise.
 The most for Juno's sake of Argos tell
 For horses famed, and rich Mycenæ sing.
 Me, Lacedæmon, bearing hardships well,
 Or best of soils, Larissa, cannot bring
 To love them like Albunea's echoing fane,
 The headlong Anio and Tiburnus' grove,
 And orchards from sweet brooks which moisture gain.
 As the clear South wind oft the heavens will rove,
 Sweeping off clouds, nor always bringeth rain.—
 So be thou wise, my Plancus, banish care,
 Lighten with soothing wine the load of life :
 Whether in camps which glittering standards bear,
 Or mid the shades of Tibur, far from strife.

 Tencr from Salamis about to fly
 And from his father, with a poplar crown

Carmen VII.—AD L. MUNATIUM PLANCUM.

Laudabunt alii claram Rodon aut Mytilenen,
Aut Epheson bimarisque Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Baecho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
Insignes aut Thessala Tempe.
Sunt, quibus unum opus est intactæ Palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et
Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam.
Plurimus in Junonis honorem
Aptum dicet equis Argos ditiesque Mycenæ.
Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus optimæ,
Quam domus Albunæ resonantis
Et præceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo
Sæpe Notus neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos, sic tu sapiens finire momento
Tristitiam vitæque labores
Molli, Planee, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
Castra tenent seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
Quum fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo

Bound, as 'tis said, his temples, moistened by
The juice of Bacchus, and their care to drown,
Cried, "Mournful friends, whatever lot succeeds
"Than parent kinder, mates and followers dear,
"None need despair when Teueer guides and leads ;
"And now Apollo's faithful promise hear—
"A Salamis shall rise in other lands !
"Brave men, ye oft have suffered more with me,
"Let wine now reassure my anxious bands—
"To-morrow we shall pass the mighty sea."

Tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,

Sic tristes affatus amicos :

“ Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente

Ibimus, o socii comitesque !

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro ;

Certus enim promisit Apollo,

Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.

O fortes pejoraque passi

Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas ;

Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.”

Ode VIII.—TO LYDIA.

Ah Lydia! say
By all the gods I pray,
Why Sybaris you hasten to betray
All through your love?
Why doth he recreant prove,
Nor spite of dust and sun the "Campus" rove?
As soldier, why
Is he of equals shy?
Nor with them rides, nor doth, as formerly,
With bitted rain,
The Gallic steed restrain,
And fears to touch the Tiber's wave again?
Why loth to soil
His limbs with wrestler's oil
As worse than vipers' blood, averse to toil?
His arms no more
Bruised as when oft of yore,
His disk or javelin flew the boundary o'er.
Why lies he hid,
As once Achilles did,
The melancholy fall of Troy amid,
Lest clad in arms,
Again at war's alarms,
He rush on Lycian bands, inflicting harms?

CARMEN VIII.—AD LYDIAM.

Lydia, dic, per omnes

Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando

Perdere; cur apricum

Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis?

Cur neque militaris

Inter æquales equitat, Gallica nec Iupatis

Temperat ora frenis?

Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? Cur olivum

Sanguine viperino

Cautius vitat neque jam livida gestat armis

Brachia, sæpe disco,

Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito?

Quid latet, ut marinæ

Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Trojæ

Funera, ne virilis

Cultus in cædem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

Ode IX.—TO THALIARCHUS.

White, with deep snow, behold Soracte stands
 Nor can the labouring woods the burden bear ;
 Rivers cease flowing, tied in sharp ice bands.
 Dispel the cold, and let your hearth appear
 Heaped high with logs. O ! Thaliarchus, pour
 More gladly from the Sabine two-eared vase
 Wine four years old. Leave to the gods the laws
 Which rule the rest : who calm at once the roar
 Of winds contending with the raging sea ;
 Nor let them shake old ash or cypress tree.
 What will to-morrow bring seek not to know,
 And count for gain each day the Fates bestow.
 Spurn not sweet love, my boy, nor dances spurn
 While sour grey hairs are absent from your youth ;
 Now to the fields of warlike contests turn,
 Or in night's still hour pour love's whispered truth ;
 Now let the grateful laugh, from secret nook,
 Of merry girl, betray what you may gain :
 She would not frown though love's fond pledge
 you took
 From her fair arm, or finger closed in vain.

Carmen IX.—AD THALIARCHUM.

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
 Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
 Silvæ laborantes, geluque
 Flumina constiterint acuto.
 Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
 Large reponens, atque benignius
 Deprome quadrinum Sabina,
 O Thaliarche, merum diota.
 Permitto Divis cetera, qui simul
 Stravere ventos æquore fervido
 Deprocliantes, nec cupressi
 Nec veteres agitantur omni.
 Quid sit futur cras fuge quærere, et
 Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
 Appone, nec dulces amores
 Sperne puer neque tu chorcas,
 Donec virenti canaticus abest
 Morosa. Nunc et campus et arca
 Lenesque sub noctem susurri
 Composita repetantur hora,
 Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
 Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo
 Pignusque dereptum lacertis
 Aut digito male pertinaci.

ODE IX.— TO THALIARCHUS.

(Another version.)

Soracte clothed with deep white snow behold ;
The woods no longer can sustain the weight ;
Rivers stand still, constrained by icy cold.
So heap the mighty logs, the cold abate ;
Now, Thaliarchus, from two-handled jar
The four years Sabine wine more amply spill ;
Leave to the Gods the rest, who calmed the war
Of winds and waves ; cypress and ash are still.
What futuro times shall bring seek not to know ;
But every added day consider gain ;
Boy, spurn not dances then, or love's sweet glow,
While cross grey hairs at distance far remain.
Now seek wide grounds and squares, 'neath nightly
skies,
Be in the silent hour love's whisper told.
Now pleasant laughs from lurking girls shall rise,
Arms lose their rings or fingers feebly hold.

Ode x.—TO MERCURY.

Mercury! the eloquent,
 Atlas' grandson, hither sent
 Nations rude to civilize
 By cunning speech, and exercise
 Of the wrestler's comely art :
 You I sing, of your high part ;
 Herald of the gods above,
 And messenger of mighty Jove.
 Inventor of the hollow lyre :
 Of merry subtlety the sire :
 Ever hiding close your theft.
 When a child, alarmed you left
 Apollo's oxen stol'n by craft,
 Scared by his threats, but soon he laughed,
 Through greater artfulness than ever
 To find himself without his quiver.
 From the walls of Ilium doomed,
 Whence Thessalian watch fires loom'd,
 Through the leaguer of his foes
 And the lines which round him close,
 Past the proud Atrides twain
 Wealthy Priam sped amain,
 You his leader, good at need :—
 Pious souls to bliss you lead,
 All the crowd of shades take heed
 Of your potent rod of gold.
 Thus we, you beloved, behold
 By gods who rule the upper air
 And those who hell's dominion share.

Carmen X.—AD MERCURIUM.

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentum
Voce formasti catus et decoræ
More palæstræ,

Te canam, magni Jovis et Deorum
Nuntium curvæque lyræ parentem,
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocosum
Condere furto.

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
Risit Apollo.

Quin et Atridas duce te superbos
Ilio dives Priamus relicto
Thessalosque ignes et iniqua Trojæ
Castra fefellit.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus virgaque levem coërces
Aurca turbam, superis Deorum
Gratus et imis.

ODE XI.—TO LEUCONOE.

Seek not, Leuconoe, by wicked art,
To find the end decreed for thee and me,
Nor try to better bear misfortune's dart
By Babylon's occult astrology,
Asking if many winters shall be past,
Or Jove ordains that this shall be our last
Which breaks on pumice rocks the Tyrrhene spray.
Be wise: filter your wine; Life hoped as long
Place in the present. Whilst we talk, how strong
The flight of spiteful Time. Enjoy to-day:
And trust the future little as you may.

Carmen XI.—AD LEUCONOEM.

Tu ne quæsieris, seire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Dî dederint, Leueonoë, nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit, pati!
Seu plures hiemes seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrenum, sapias, vina liques et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.

ODE XII.—TO AUGUSTUS.

Clio ! What man will you proclaim,
What hero raise to endless fame,
 With lyre or shrill pipe's tone ?
Whom of the Gods ? What name renowned
Shall vocal echo blythely sound
 By shady Helicon ?

Or upon Pindus summit bold,
Or on the steeps of Hæmus cold,
 Whence Orpheus' muse-taught song
Delayed the headlong torrent's course,
Restrained the swift winged tempest's force,
 And led charmed oaks along.

What shall I sing before the praise
Of him who rules o'er all the ways
 Of men and Gods above,
Who governs earth's extremest bounds,
And guides the seasons in their rounds,
 The sire, eternal Jove ?

To him none equal honour gains,
Pallas the nearest rank obtains,
 Of all the heavenly race.
I sing of Bacchus bold in strife,
And Dian hostile to the life
 Of wild beast in the chase.

Carmen XII.—AD AUGUSTUM.

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
 Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio ?
 Quem Deum ? Cujus recinet jocosa
 Nomen imago
 Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris
 Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo ?
 Unde vocalem temere insecutæ
 Orphea silvæ
 Arte materna rapidos morantem
 Fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos,
 Blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
 Ducere quercus.
 Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
 Laudibus, qui res hominum ac Deorum,
 Qui mare ac terras variisque mundum
 Temperat horis ?
 Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
 Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum ;
 Proximos illi tamen occupavit
 Pallas honores.
 Præliis audax, neque te silebo,
 Liber, et sævis inimica Virgo
 Belluis, nec te metuende certa
 Phœbe sagitta.

Of Hercules I next will sing,
 And Phœbus skilled the shaft to wing
 Uncerring in its flight,
 And Leda's twins who honour gained,
 A horseman one, the other trained
 On foot to win the fight.

Whose pale star when the sailor sees
 The winds are hushed in tranquil ease,
 The foaming waves descend.
 I doubt of Romulus to speak,
 Of Tarquin proud, or Numa meek,
 Or Cato's noble end.

Of Regulus I next must tell,
 The Seauri, and what fate befel
 Paulus, that deathless name ;
 Fabricius, a noble theme,
 Camillus too, by want extreme,
 With Curius raised to fame.

Marcellus' glory groweth still,
 As grows a tree beside a rill
 In time's scarce noticed round.
 O'er all the Julian star is seen,
 As midst night's feebler fires, their queen
 The silver moon is found.

Great Cæsar's care the fates award
 To thee at once our sire and guard,
 O! Thou from Saturn sprung,
 Second to thee may Cæsar reign,
 Whether a victory he obtain
 The Indian troops among,

Dicam et Alciden puerosque Ledaë,
 Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
 Nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis
 Stella refulsit,

Defluit saxis agitatus humor,
 Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,
 Et minax— quod sic voluere—, ponto
 Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
 Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
 Tarquinî fascēs, dubito, an Catonis
 Nobile letum.

Regulum et Scauros animæque magnæ
 Prodigum Paullum superante Pœno
 Gratus insigni referam Camena
 Fabriciumque.

Hunc et incomptis Curium capillis
 Utilem bello tulit et Camillum
 Sæva paupertas et avitus apto
 Cum lare fundus.

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
 Fama Marcelli; micat inter omnes
 Julium sidus velut inter ignes
 Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos
 Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
 Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo
 Cæsare regnes.

Ille, seu Parthos Latio imminentes
 Egerit justo domitos triumpho

Or make the threatening Parthian flee,
Still Cæsar, only next to thee,
 Shall justly rule the world.
Shake thou Olympus with thy car,
And dart thy hostile lightnings far
 At groves polluted hurled.

NOTE. This Ode was translated in the year 1834 or '35, and has once been slightly revised, but is not quite what the Author would wish. The 7th stanza is rather slurred over in this version.

Sive subjectos Orientis oræ
Seras et Indos,
Te minor latum reget æquus orbem ;
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

Ode XIII.—TO LYDIA.

Lydia, when you praise the neck,
The rosy neck and waxen arms,
Of Telephus, you little reck
How my liver inly warms,

Swelling with uneasy bile—
Sense is lost and colour flies—
Stealthy tears my cheeks defile,
Lingering fire within me lies.

I burn to see your shoulders white,
In wanton contests smeared with wine;
I burn to see him madly bite
Your lip and leave the hateful sign.

Listen then, attend to me,
Never hope his love to bind
Who hurts in kissing lips where we
A fifth of Venus' sweetness find.

Thrice happy are they, aye and more,
Whose bonds unarmed by wretched strife,
Hold firm and never break before
The latest day of mortal life.

Carmen XIII.—AD LYDIAM.

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, cerca Telephi
Laudas brachia, vae! meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur

Tum nec mens mihi nec color
Certa sede manent, humor et in genas
Furtim labitur arguens
Quam lentis penitus maceror ignibus

Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turparunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ, sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.

Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum dulcia barbare
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Ode XIV.—TO THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, ON BRUTUS AGAIN
PREPARING TO WAGE A CIVIL WAR.

O! Vessel of the State, what doest thou?
Tumultuous waves to sea will drive thy prow.

Firmly in port abide.

Dost thou not know thy side

Is stript of every oar? Behold thy masts

Declare the woundings of impetuous blasts

From Africa, which sweep

Across the troubled deep!

Thy yard-arms groan, thy cables rent away,

Leave thy keel powerless to resist the sway

Of heaving waves upborne:

Nor are thy sails untorn.—

Where are the Gods to whom again thou criest,

Pressed by misfortune? Thou in vain reliest

On planks of Pontic pine,

Of the woods' noblest line.

Thou boastest of thy useless name and race!

No trust in painted ships can sailors place.

And lest thou but prepare

A sport for winds, beware.

For thee I was solicitous of late,

My love now renders all my care more great.

O! shun the narrow seas

Mid shining Cyclades.

Carmen XIV.—AD REM PUBLICAM.

O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus
Et malus celeri saucius Africo
Antennæque gemant ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non Di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile;
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

Ode xv.—THE SEA GOD, NEREUS, PROPHECIES THE
DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

When the perfidious shepherd through the seas,
In Ida's ships, his hostess Helen bore,
The sea god Nereus, in unwished-for case,
The rapid winds kept quiet, so the more
Fully to sing these cruel ills to come.

Her with ill omens to your father's house
You bring, whom many Greeians shall leave home
In arms to seek, and tear you from your spouse
Alas! and ruin Priam's ancient realm.

What toil for men and horses, and what death
Of Trojans do you cause! Pallas her helm,
Ægis and chariot, and the fiery breath
Of her relentless fury doth prepare.

In vain you comb your locks by Venus' aid,
And song and peaceful harp with women share;

In vain in chamber rest, of spears afraid,
Or shun the arrows formed of gnossian reed,
The battle's noise, and Ajax following fast,
And yet it shall be all too late indeed,

Ere your adulterous hairs in dust are cast.
Have you no awe of great Laertes son,

The ruin of your race? And no respect
For Pylion Nestor? To oppose you, run

Toucer of Salamis, with glory decked,
And Sthenelus who, like him, knows no fear,

Carmen xv.—NEREI VATICINIUM DE EXCIDIO TROJÆ.

Pastor quum traheret per freta navibus
 Idæis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
 Ingrato celeres obruit otio

Ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata: "Mala ducis avi domum,
 Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
 Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias

Et regnum Priami vetus.

Heu heu! quantus equis, quantus adest viris
 Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
 Genti! Jam galeam Pallas et ægida

Currusque et rabiem parat.

Nequicquam Veneris præsidio ferox
 Pectes cæsariem, grataque feminis
 Imbelli cithara carmina divides;

Nequicquam thalamo graves

Hastas et calami spicula Gnosii
 Vitabis strepitumque et celerem sequi
 Ajacem; tamen heu serus adulteros

Crines pulvere collines.

Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuæ
 Genti, non Pylum Nestora respicis?
 Urgent impavidi te Salaminus
 Teucer et Sthenelus sciens

For chariot driving and in fight renowned,
And Merion you must know ; Tydides hear
Raging to find you, past his father crowned
With fame. Effeminate ! you him shall flee

With deep gasps, like a stag when far away
Adown the valley he the wolf doth see ;

Regardless of his food, he dares not stay.
(Of deeds like this you never Helen told).

While in his fleet Achilles nurses ire,
The Phrygian mothers safe their Troy may hold,
But when some destined winters shall expire
The Trojan homes must burn with Grecian fire.

Pugnæ, sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
Nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
 Tydides melior patre ;
Quem tu cervus uti vallis in altera
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
 Non hoc pollicitus tuæ
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achilleï ;
Post certas hiemes uret Achaïcus
 Ignis Iliacas domos.”

ODE XVI.

O Daughter! more fair than your yet lovely mother,
Those horrid iambics in one way or other
 Destroy, let flames burn them,
 Or Hadria's wave churn them.
Dindymene nor Pythian Apollo impressing,
His priests in the shrine and their senses possessing;
 Nor Bacchus, nor frantic
 His troops Corybantic,
Who on their shrill cymbals their clangor redouble
Like sorrowful anger our mind's peace can trouble;
 Which Noric sword slays not,
 Which shipwreck delays not,
Nor terrible fire, nor with thunderbolt crushing
Jove's self from the heavens in tumult down-rushing.
 Of the beasts at creation,
 As 'tis the relation,
Prometheus from each did a particle sever,
And so add to our hatred the lion's rage ever.
 Of nature no heeder,
 When anger was leader,
Thyestes to horrible murder was hurried:
And this, too, the ultimate cause which has buried
 High cities in ruin,
 And, evil pursuing,

Carmen XVI.—PALINODIA AD AMICAM.

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior,
Quem criminosis cunque voles modum
 Pones iambis, sive flamma
 Sive mari libet Hadriano.
Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
 Non Liber æque, non acuta
 Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Tristes ut iræ, quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis nec mare naufragum
 Nec sævus ignis nec tremendo
 Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.
Fertur Prometheus, addere principi
Limo coactus particulam undique
 Desectam, et insani leonis
 Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.
Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravere et altis urbibus ultimæ
 Stetere causæ, cur perirent
 Funditus imprimeretque muris

Why armies exulting have ploughed their foundations.
Lay anger aside then ; my hot youth's vexations
 Drove me, I assure ye,
 To write in my fury :
Those harsh words to mild I would now change,
 believe me,
Recalling revilings, again then receive me :
 Affection restoring,
 Regard my imploring.

Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compesce mentem ; me quoque pectoris
 Tentavit in dulci juvena
 Fervor et in celeres iambos
Misit furem. Nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia, dum mihi
 Fias recantatis amica
 Opprobriis animumque reddas.

ODE XVII.—TO TYNDARIS.

Here oft swift Faunus will repair,
 And leave Lycæus, his domain,
 For my Lucretilis, the fair.
 He guards my kids from wind and rain,
 And from the summer's fiery clime.
 My she-goats safe the woods may roam
 For Arbutus and scented Thyme,
 Nor fear green snakes: secure at home
 From cruel wolves the folded kid.
 When, Tyndaris! your sweet pipe sounds
 In valley, or, smooth rocks amid,
 On Mount Ustica's sloping bounds.
 The Gods protect me; them I give
 The worship of my song, heart-born.
 Then come, 'midst country blessings live,
 Reap gushing wealth from plenty's horn.
 You here will shun in winding vale
 The dog-star's heat, in Teian strain,
 Of the frail Circe tell the tale,
 And of Peulope, what pain
 They bore who both Ulysses sought.
 Quaff here your harmless Lesbian wine
 In shade; here Bacchus never taught
 The sword of Mars 'mid cups to shine:
 Nor jealous, peevish Cyrus dread,
 Lest with rude tyrant hand he tear
 Your harmless robe, or from your head
 Snatch the sweet wreath which binds your hair.

Carmen XVII.—AD TYNDARIDEM.

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
 Mutat Lycaeo Faunus, et igneam
 Defendit æstatem capellis
 Usque meis pluviosque ventos.
 Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
 Quærunt latentes et thyma devixæ
 Olentis uxores mariti,
 Nec virides metuunt colubras,
 Nec Martiales Hædiliæ lupos,
 Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
 Valles et Usticæ cubantis
 Levia personuere saxa.
 Dî me tuentur, Dîs pietas mea
 Et Musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
 Manabit ad plenum benigno
 Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
 Hic in reducta valle Caniculæ
 Vitabis æstus et fide Teïa
 Dices laborantes in uno
 Penelopen vitreamque Circen.
 Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
 Ducés sub umbra; nec Semelcius
 Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
 Prœlia, nec metues protervum
 Suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
 Incontinentes injiciat manus
 Et scindat hærentem coronam
 Crinibus immeritamque vestem.

Ode XVIII.—TO VARUS.

On Tibur's genial soil, around the walls
 Of Catilus, no trees but sacred vines
 Varus should plant. The ban of Bacchus falls
 On those who drink not, and his cheering wines
 Chase carking care from out the soul's confines.
 Who rails at cruel poverty or war
 After his wine? Then father Bacchus shines
 More loudly praised; loved his fair Venus more;
 But moderation's bounds you never must pass o'er.

Centaurs and Lapithæ, mid cups who fight,
 Warn us of this; and Thracians, wine's weak slaves,
 Who drink till they grow blind to wrong and right.
 Bright Bacchus! mine no tipsy zeal which raves,
 Or which from leaf-hid shrine your mystery craves.
 Hush! cymbal clang and Berecynthian horn
 Followed by fond self love, pride which behaves
 Unseemly, with his empty head upborne,
 And, shown more clear than glass, faith wantonly
 fore-sworn.

Carmen XVIII.—AD QUINTILIUM VARUM.

Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
 Cirea mite solum Tiburis et mœnia Catili.
 Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit neque
 Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
 Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem erepat?
 Quis non te potius, Baccche pater, teque, decens Venus?
 At, ne quis modiei transiliat munera Liberi,
 Centaurea monet eum Lapithis rixa super mero
 Debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Evius,
 Quum fas atque nefas exigue fine libidinum
 Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, eandide Bassareu,
 Invitum quatiam nec variis obsita frondibus
 Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Bereeynthio
 Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur æcus Amor sui,
 Et tollens vaeuum plus nimio Gloria verticem,
 Arcanique Fides prediga perlucidior vitro.

Ode XIX.—TO GLYCERA.

Venus, pitiless mother of love,
With Bacchus, Theban Semele's son,
And untamed passions returning, move,
My heart once more to the flame to run.

I burn with Glycera's beauty splendid,
Fairer far than the Parian stone,
Her smiles and petulance sweetly blended,
And face too bright to be gazed upon.

Venus fills me, her Cyprus leaving,
No more she lets me of Scythians sing,
Nor of Parthian horse, by flight deceiving,
For love—love only—the lyre must string.

So here, my boys, heap the green turf up,
And then the vervain and incense find,
Of the two years wine prepare a cup,
A victim slain will make Venus kind.

Carmen XIX.—DE GLYCERA.

Mater sæva Cupidinum

Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer

Et lasciva Licentia

Finitis animum reddere amoribus.

Urit me Glyceræ nitor

Splendentis Pario marmore purius ;

Urit grata protervitas

Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

In me tota ruens Venus

Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas

Et versis animosum equis

Parthum dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.

Hic vivum mihi cæspitem, hic

Verbenas, pueri, ponite thuraque

Bimi cum patera meri :

Mactata veniet lenior hostia.

Ode xx.—To MÆCENAS.

When at my farm you visit me,
 Poor Sabine wine your drink will be,
 From out our homely vessels poured,
 Which sealed in Grecian jars I stored
 In that same year, when with delight
 (Dear friend Mæcenas, honoured knight),
 The theatre's assembly cheered,
 As there in health you re-appeared :—
 Hark ! Tiber's banks, your native stream,
 With merry echos vocal seem ;
 And, as the plaudits circle round,
 Mount Vatican repeats the sound.

The Cæcuban ; the juice expressed
 From grapes upon Calenus' breast,
 (Wines which you doubtless drink at home)
 Expect not when you hither roam ;
 My cup Falernian never fills,
 Nor Grapes produced on Formian hills.

Carmen XX.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græca quod ego ipse testa
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
 Quum tibi plausus,
Care Mæcenas eques, ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
 Montis imago.
Cæcubum et prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam : mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites neque Formiani
 Pocula colles.

Ode XXI.—HYMN TO DIANA AND APOLLO.

Ye tender Virgins, tell Diana's praise ;
Ye boys, a shout for youthful Phœbus raise ;
Laud ye Latona, dear to Jove supreme ;
Virgins, sing her who loves each running stream,
Each leafy grove, and trees of noblest size
On frosty Algidus which proudly rise,
Or all which 'mid the sombre woods are seen
Of Erymanthus dark, or Cragus green.

Ye boys, let Tempe's praise alike resound,
And Delos, for Apollo's birth renowned,
Whose glorious shoulders all the lands admire,
Bearing his quiver and fraternal lyre :
He by your prayers subdued, will bring relief
To us and Cæsar, our imperial chief ;
And wretched dearth, and plague, and grievous war
To Persia and to Britain banish far.

Carmen XXI.—IN DIANAM ET APOLLINEM.

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines,
Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium,
Latonamque supremo
Dilectam penitus Jovi.
Vos lætam fluviis et nemorum coma,
Quæcunque aut gelido prominet Algido,
Nigris aut Erymanthi
Silvis aut viridis Cragi ;
Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus
Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
Insignemque pharetra
Fraternaque humerum lyra.
Hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
Pestemque a populo et principe Cæsaro in
Persas atque Britannos
Vestra motus aget prece.

Ode XXII.—TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

Fuscus, the upright man
 Who will no evil plan,
 Wants neither bow nor Mauritanian dart;
 Of poisoned arrow-reeds
 No quiver full he needs,
 Whether to sultry Syrtes he depart,
 Or desert Caucasus,
 Or lands which fabulous
 Hydaspes waters. For in Sabine wood,
 As past the bounds of home,
 I lately chanced to roam,
 And sang my Lalage, in careless mood,
 From me, defenceless, fled
 A wolf; no beast more dread
 Dwells among warlike Daunia's beechen groves:
 Nor 'mid the barren sand
 Of Afric, Juba's land,
 The nurse of lions, such a monster roves.—
 Place me on desert ground
 Where not a tree is found
 To be refreshed by summer's gentle gale;
 On that side of the world
 Where storms are ever hurled
 And Jove in murky rain-clouds doth prevail;
 Place me, without a roof,
 Beneath the fiery proof
 Of the sun's chariot, driven all too near,
 Still, still my Lalage,
 Who sweetly smiles for me,
 And sweetly speaks, to me is ever dear.

Carmen xxii.—AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
 Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu
 Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,

Fusce, pharetra,
 Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
 Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
 Terminum curis vagor expeditis,

Fugit inermem,
 Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
 Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque

Jupiter urget ;
 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis in terra domibus negata :
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.

Ode XXIII.—To CHLOE.

Chloe ; you shun me like a hind
Seeking her fearful dam to find
 Among the pathless hills :
 . Vain fear her senses fills,
She trembles at the passing breeze,
And at the shaking of the trees.

 If light leaves quivering
 Tell of the coming spring,
Or lizards green stir brambles near
In heart and knees she quakes with fear.—

 I follow not your flight,
 As a fierce tiger might,
Or lion of Gctulian race,
Your tender beauties to deface ;
 At length your mother leave,
 A husband's love receive.

Carmen XXIII.—AD CHLOËN.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem, non sine vano
Aurarum et silvæ metu.

Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis seu virides rubum
Dimovere læertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.

Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gætulusve leo frangere persequor :
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

Ode XXIV.—TO VIRGIL.

What shame, what limit, can there be
 In longing for so loved a friend?
 Teach me sad songs, Melpomene!
 To you your father Jove doth lend
 The harp and voice of melody.
 And doth Quinctilius ever sleep?
 Of modest worth, who Faith unbroken
 (Thy sister, Justice) still would keep,
 And naked Truth hath ever spoken?
 Where find the like of him we weep?
 By many good men wept he died,
 By none, my Virgil, more than you:
 Vainly on virtue you relied—
 You with vain prayers the Gods pursue,
 To us Quinctilius is denied.
 Though you a lyre of sweeter sound
 Should strike than Thracian Orpheus played
 When listening trees came thronging round,
 Your prayers were all in vain essayed;
 No blood could fill the empty shade
 Which Mereury, with dismal wand,
 Hath bade to death's dark ranks repair.
 Sad lot.—But ever understand
 Patience makes each more lightly bear
 Evils which all alike must share.

Carmen XXIV.—AD VIRGILIUM.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
 Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
 Vocem cum cithara dedit.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
 Urget! cui Pudor et Justitiæ soror
 Incorrupta Fides nudaque Veritas
 Quando ullum inveniet parem?
 Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
 Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.
 Tu frustra pius heu! non ita creditum
 Poscis Quintilium Deos.

Quod si Threïcio blandius Orpheo
 Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
 Non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini,
 Quam virga semel horrida,
 Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
 Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
 Durum: sed levius fit patientia,
 Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

Carmen xxv.—AD LYDIAM.

Pareius junctas quatiunt fenestras
 Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
 Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
 Janua limen,
 Quæ prius multum facilis movebat
 Cardines. Audis minus et minus jam :
 “ Me tuo longas pereunte noetes,
 Lydia, dormis ? ”
 Invicem mœebos anus arrogantes
 Flebis in solo levis angiportu,
 Thracio bæchante magis sub inter-
 lunia vento ;
 Quum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
 Quæ solet matres furiare equorum
 Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum,
 Non sine questu,
 Læta quod pubes hedera virente
 Gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto,
 Aridas frondes hiemis sodali
 Dedicet Hebro.

Ode XXVI.—To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

I, the friend of the Muses, cast sorrow and fear
To the seas around Crete on fierce winds carried forth;
And secure, little care, Tiridates! to hear
Thy danger, or who rules the cold-coasted North.
Pimplea! sweet Muse, in pure fountains delighting,
Twine sun-loving flowers to form Lamia's crown.
My fame is all yours; then your sisters inviting
To the Lesbian lyre sing anew his renown.

Carmen XXVI.—AD MUSAM DE ÆLIO LAMIA.

Musis amicus tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
 Portare ventis, queis sub Areto
 Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,
Quid Tiridaten terreat, unico
Securus. O, quæ fontibus integris
 Gaudes, apricos neete flores,
 Neete meo Lamiæ eoronam,
Pimplea duleis ! Nil sine te mei
Prosunt honores ; hunc fidibus novis,
 Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
 Teque tuasque decet sorores.

Ode XXVII.—TO HIS COMPANIONS QUARRELLING
OVER THEIR WINE.

Never such a course pursue,
Do not, as the Thracians do,
Make the goblets of delight
Weapons in a drunken fight:
Let no sanguinary feud
On Bæchus' mysteries intrude.
Do Persian seymeters agree
With wine and lamps and revelry?
Companions! Cease the impious noise,
Press ye again the couch my boys.

Ere I drink this dangerous stuff
Falernian, so strong and rough,
First, let the fair Megilla's brother
Declare what arrows wound, or other
Has left him blest and fortunate,
Or perishing with love of late.
Do you refuse? In vain you try—
Drink for no other cause will I.
Whatever be your present flame
It never needs the blush of shame.
No pitiful intrigue, I'm sure,
Whisper! Your secret is secure,

Carmen XXVII.—AD SODALES.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
 Pugnaro Thracum est : tollite barbarum
 Morem verecundumque Bacchum
 Sanguineis prohibete rixis.
 Vino et lucernis Mædus acinacis
 Immane quantum discrepat ; impium
 Lenite clamorem, sodales,
 Et cubito remanete presso.
 Vultis severi me quoque sumere
 Partem Falerni ? dicat Opuntia
 Fratræ Megillæ, quo beatus
 Vulnere, qua percat sagitta.
 Cessat voluntas ? Non alia bibam
 Mercede. Quæ te cunque domat Venus
 Non erubescendis adurit
 Ignibus ingennoquo semper
 Amore peccas. Quidquid habes, age,

Ah! wretched youth is that the girl?
How in Charybdis do you whirl!
Boy, worthy of a better fate,
What witch, what magic can abate
With poison's aid your misery?
What God has power to set you free?
Sarcely could Pegasus pretend
This strange Chimæra's chains to rend.

Depone tutis auribus. Ah miser,
Quanta laborabas Charybdi,
Digne puer meliore flamma !
Quæ saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus ?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimæra.

ODE XXVIII.—ARCHYTAS.

SAILOR.—You, who have traversed many seas and lands,
 And deserts passed with all their countless sands,
 Now on the Matine shore, Archytas, lie
 And ask a little dust of passers by.
 In vain you climbed the heavens with daring soul,
 And, soon to die, traced out earth's rounded pole.

ARCHYTAS.—And Pelops' sire the guest of gods, is dead,
 Tithonus' spirit to the skies is fled,
 And Minos, who to share Jove's councils went :
 Euphorbus, too, was back to Orcus sent,
 Though he reclaimed the dedicated shield
 Ho once had borne upon the Trojan field,
 As proving dusty death could only claim
 His skin and nerves, but left his soul the same.
 Master of Nature and her truths was he,
 And taught her secrets, as yourself agree.

One night awaits us all, and all must tread
 Alike the dismal pathway of the dead.
 The furies make us sport for savage Mars,
 The greedy sea against the sailor wars,
 Graves for commingled young and old must gape,
 And none from cruel Proserpine escape.
 Me, while Orion set, the swift south bore
 And cast me drowned upon Illyria's shore.
 But, sailor, be thou kind, and haste to spread
 Sand on my bones and yet unburied head :

Carmen xxviii.—ARCHYTAS.

NAUTA. Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
Muncra, nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aërias tentasse domos animoque rotundum
Percurisse polum morituro.

ARCHYTAS. Occidit et Pelopis genitor conviva
Deorum,
Tithonusque remotus in auras
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus; habentque
Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco
Demissum; quanvis clipco Trojana refixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultra
Nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atræ;
Judice te non sordidus auctor
Naturæ verique. Sed omnes una manet nox
Et calcanda semel via leti.
Dant alios Furiaë torvo spectacula Marti;
Exitio est avidum mare nautis;
Mixta senum ac juvenum densentur funera, nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.
Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato

East winds shall threaten the Italian seas,
But leave you safe and tear Venusia's trees :
Neptune, who doth his own Tarentum guard,
And Jove, the just, shall grant a rich reward.
Do you think lightly of what sons unborn,
All unoffending, may have cause to mourn ?
Perhaps yourself, if still deserved the fate,
May sentence due and punishment await.
My prayers are not unheard, but as for you
No pious rite can innocence renew.
But yet make haste, it asks no long delay,
Thrice strew the dust, and then pursue your way.

Particulam dare. Sic, quodcunque minabitur Eurus
Fluctibus Hesperii, Venusinæ
Plectantur silvæ te sospite, multaue merces,
Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo
Ab Jove Neptunoque sacri custode Taranti.
Negligis immeritis nocituram
Postmodo te natis fraudem committere? Fors et
Debita jura vicesque superbæ
Te maneat ipsum : precibus non linquar inultis,
Teque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa ; licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

Ode XXIX.—To ICCIUS.

Iccius, now you envy Arabia's wealthy store,
And against Sabcea's kings, all unsubdued before,
Prepare a dreadful onslaught, and, if haply you succeed,
Already forge your chains for the formidable Mede.
What Virgin shall be yours when her lover shall be
killed,
What royal boy your cupbearer, with shining hair, and
skilled
To shoot the Serian arrows from the old paternal bow?
Who now denies that rivers to their mountains back
may flow,
Or Tiber change his course, since you now starting wide
From Panætius' noble volumes bought up from every
side,
And from the school Soeratic, tho' you promised bet-
ter far,
Change all for Spanish breastplates, now only bent
on war.

Carmen XXIX.—AD ICCIUM.

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
 Gazis et acrem militiam paras
 Non ante devictis Sabææ
 Regibus horribilique Medo
 Nectis catenas? Quæ tibi virginum
 Sponso necato, barbara serviet?
 Puer quis ex aula capillis
 Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,
 Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
 Arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis
 Pronos relabi posse rivos
 Montibus et Tiberim reverti,
 Quum tu coemptos undique nobilis
 Libros Panæti, Socraticam et domum
 Mutare loriceis Iberis,
 Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

Ode xxx.—To VENUS.

Venus! Thy Cnidus and Paphos spurn,
And even from much-loved Cyprus turn,
And called by clouds of incense, be present
At Glycera's house, thy temple pleasant.

Bring thy warm Boy and each loose-zoned Grace,
Let the Nymphs speed hither, and that fair face
Of the Goddess of youth made lovely by thee.—
Come thou, too, eloquent Mercury.

Carmen XXX.—AD VENEREM.

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron et vocantis
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
Transfer in ædem.

Fervidus tecum puer et solutis
Gratiæ zonis proprentque Nymphæ
Et parum comis sine te Juventas
Mercuriusque.

Ode XXXI.—TO APOLLO.

What asks the Poet at thy latest shrine
Apollo! thee adoring,
Whilst from the chalice pouring
The new made wine?

He does not beg Sardinia's plenteous grain,
Nor herds of finest form
Which roam Calabria warm;
And can disdain

Gold, and the ivory from India brought;
And plains by that still river
The Liris, channelled ever,
Hath never sought.

You! With Falernian pruning hook restrain
The vine which wanton grows
And fortune's hand bestows,
Rich merchants! drain

Wines, purchased with your Syrian merchandise,
From out the cups of gold!
You, whom the Gods behold
With favoring eyes,

Since safely three or four times every year
You sail the Atlantic sea.
Olives shall furnish me
With simple cheer,

Carmen XXXI.—AD APOLLINEM.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
 Vates? quid orat de patera novum
 Fundeans liquorem? Non opimæ
 Sardiniae segetes feraces,
 Non æstuosæ grata Calabriae
 Armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
 Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
 Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.
 Premant Calena falce quibus dedit
 Fortuna vitem; dives et aureis
 Mercator exsiccet culullis
 Vina Syra reparata merce,
 Dîs carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
 Anno revisens æquor Atlanticum
 Impune. Me pascent olivæ,
 Me cichorea levesque malvæ.

And chicory and mallows lenitive.

Let me these gifts enjoy,

Nor let disease annoy,

And let me live

Son of Latona! with a healthy mind;

Sweet lyrics to engage

Mine honorable age

Still let me find.

Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones et precor integra
Cum mente nec turpem senectam
Degere nec cithara carentem.

Ode XXXII.—'TO HIS LYRE.

If we, sweet Lyre, have ever sung at leisure,
 Stretched in the shade, to thee
Songs to which now and many a year with pleasure
 The world shall listening be,
We ask the air to which Alcæus first
 His Latian song outpoured :—
Whether on battle field in arms he burst
 Or to the wet bank moored
His storm-tossed ship ; Bacchus he ever praised,
 The Muses, Venus fair ;
And for her darling boy, the song he raised,
 Sang Lycus' raven hair
And dark black eyes. Glory of Phœbus ! Shell
 To Jove supreme so dear
Amidst his feasts ! sweet soother, let thy spell,
 When we invoke, be near.

Carmen XXXII.—AD LYRAM.

Poseimus, si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures, age dic Latinum,
 Barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate civi ;
Qui ferox bello tamen inter arma
Sive jactatam religarat udo
 Litore navim,

Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat
Et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
 Crine decorum.

O decus Phœbi et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, o laborum
Dulce lenimen, mîhi cunque salve
 Rite vocanti.

Carmen XXXIII.—AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Albi, ne dolcas plus nimio memor
Innitis Glyceræ, neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Læsa præniteat fide.

Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor ; Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoën ; sed prius Apulis
Jungentur capreæ lupis,

Quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aënea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

Ipsam me melior quum peteret Venus,
Grata detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina, fretis acrior Hadriæ
Curvantis Calabros sinus.

Ode XXXIV.

Infrequently, with scanty reverence too
I offered to the gods the worship due ;
Skilled in the mazes of a lore insane
I wandered lost, but now return again,
Reset my sails, and stand towards the shore,
Compelled to take the course I left before.
For he who made the light, the heavenly sire,
Oftimes who rends the clouds with flashing fire,
Drove in his might his thundering horses by,
And swift-winged chariot through a cloudless sky.
A trembling all the solid earth pervades,
The winding rivers, Styx, the hated shades
Of Tanarus which lead beneath the ground,
And even reaches Atlas' distant bound.
His will the Deity proclaims aloud,
"Exalt the lowly, and debase the proud."
Thus rapid Fortune rushing on will crown
Her minion here, there pull another down.

Carmen XXXIV.—AD SE IPSUM.

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
Vela dare atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos : namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucremque currum ;
Quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx et invisi horrida Tænari
Sedes Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis
Mutare et insignem attenuat Deus
Obscura promens ; hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

Ode XXXV.—TO FORTUNE.

Thou goddess, who delightful Antium rulest,
Powerful to raise a mortal from the dust,
Who all the triumphs of the proud down pullest
In death to rust.

Thee the poor husbandman with prayer beseeches,
And, as the ocean's mistress, prays to thee,
Whoever in Bithynian vessel reaches
Carpathia's sea.

Thee roaming Scythians, thee the cruel Dacian,
Cities and nations, purple tyrants dread ;
Mothers of barbarous kings, the hardy Latian,
All are afraid

Lest thine injurious foot their power were breaking,
Or lest the thronging people cry "to arms,"
Stirring the slothful, and the empire shaking
With war's alarms.

And cruel Destiny before thee going,
Bears mighty nails and clamps in brazen hand,
Unyielding hooks and molten lead quick flowing,
All ready stand.

Hope dwells with thee, and Faith, so rare, is cleaving
White robed to thee, still as thy follower ranged,
Though powerful houses adverse thou art leaving
With garments changed.

Carmen XXXV.—AD FORTUNAM.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos,
Te pauper ambit sollicita prece
Ruris colonus, te dominam æquoris,
Quicumque Bithyna laccessit
Carpathium pelagus carina.
Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ.
Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox
Regumque matres barbarorum et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni,
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales et cuncos manu
Gestans aëna, nec severus
Uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.
Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
Uteunque mutata potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.

The perjured harlot, or the mob unstable,
Leave us, and friends from empty casks will fly,
And thus, to bear misfortune's yoke unable,
Their help deny.

Cæsar preserve, for farthest Britain sailing;
Protect our youth who towards the Orient pour,
Let them be feared in that far land prevailing,
By Red Sea shore.

I blush for crimes and wounds, wars fratricidal:
What deed seems cruel in this iron age?
What wickedness have we essayed to bridle?
What shall engage

Our youth to fear the Gods, no altars sparing?
O! sharpen thou our blunted swords again,
Which, 'gainst the Arab and the Scythian baring,
We well may stain.

At vulgus infidum et meretrix retro
Perjura cedit ; diffugiunt cadis
 Cum fæce siccatis amici
 Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.
Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos et juvenum recens
 Examen Eois timendum
 Partibus Occanoque rubro.
Eheu cicatricum et sceleris pudet
Fratrumque. Quid nos dura refugimus
 Ætas ? quid intactum nefasti
 Liquimus ? unde manum juvenus
Metu Deorum continuit ? quibus
Pepercit aris ? O utinam nova
 Incude diffingas retusum in
 Massagetas Arabasque ferrum.

Ode XXXVI.—TO POMPONIUS NUMIDA.

Strike the lyre, the incense burn,
 For our Numida's return :
 Sacrifice the heifer due
 To the gods, his guardians true.
 Home he comes from furthest Spain
 Safely to his friends again :
 Pleasant Lamia most he greets,
 And with chiefest favour treats,
 Thinking of their days at school,
 Under the same master's rule,
 And how both, when grown more old,
 Together donned the toga's fold.
 Marked with white this day shall shine,
 Broach our largest jar of wine,
 And a Salian measure beat,
 Dancing with unwearied feet.
 Let thirsty Damalis give place
 To Bassus in the draughts of Thraee.*
 Feasts should never want the rose,
 The lily which too briefly blows,
 Or the parsley's living green.
 All with longing looks are seen
 To fix their eyes on Damalis,
 But the last love dearest is,
 Her twining arms round him she flings,
 And like the climbing ivy elings.

* See MARTIAL, Lib. VI., Ep. 69. :—

“ Non miror quod potat aquam, tua Bassa, Catulle,
 Miror quod filia Bassi potat aquam.”

Carmen xxxvi.—IN HONOREM PLOTII NUMIDÆ.

Et thure et fidibus juvat
 Placare et vituli sanguine debito
 Custodes Numidæ Deos,
 Qui nunc Hesperia sospes ab ultima
 Caris multa sodalibus,
 Nulli plura tamen dividit oscula
 Quam dulei Lamiaë, memor
 Aetæ non alio rege puertiaë
 Mutatæque simul togæ.
 Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota,
 Neu promptæ modus amphoræ,
 Neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum,
 Neu multi Damalis meri
 Bassum Threïcia vineat amystide,
 Neu desint epulis rosæ
 Neu vivax apium neu breve lilium.
 Omnes in Dainalin putres
 Deponent oculos, nec Damalis novo
 Divelletur adultero
 Lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

Ode XXXVII.—TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now let us drink, now let us beat the earth
 With feet raised high in mirth.
 Now is the time, companions, when the priests
 For gods should spread the feasts :
 Wicked to bring the Cæuban before
 From the ancestral store,
 Whilst with a foul contaminated band
 A frenzied Queen dared stand
 Prepared our Capitol to overthrow,
 Our empire to lay low ;
 For she to high-blown hope no bounds could bear,
 Drunk with her fortune rare :
 But scarcely one poor ship preserved from fire,
 This mitigates her ire.
 False pride, which Mareotic wine inflamed,
 Cæsar by true fear tamed,
 Who urged her with his fast-rowed ships to fly
 Far from our Italy,
 (So doth a hawk the gentle pigeons chase,
 Or the swift hunter trace
 The hare upon Henionia's snowy plains.)
 Fain would he bind in chains
 This fatal monster, who, with nobler mind,
 Seeking her death to find,
 Nor, womanlike, hath feared the sword to meet,
 Nor, in her quick-oared fleet,

Carmen XXXVII.—AD SODALES.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar Deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.
Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum
Celis avitis, dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus et imperio parabat
Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
Sperare fortunaque dulci
Ebria : sed minuit furorem
Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus,
Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
Redegit in veros timores
Cæsar ab Italia volentem
Remis adurgens, accipiter velut
Molles columbas aut leporem citus
Venator in campis nivalis
Hæmoniaë, daret ut eatenis
Fatale monstrum : quæ generosius
Perire quærens nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem nec latentes
Classe cita reparavit oras.

Sought on some shore remote herself to hide ;
But calmly could abide
To see her palace in the dust low laid.
With angry snakes she played ;
Through all her veins imbibed their poison black,
That so her end might lack
No fierceness, which a death premeditate
About her could create.
For she, no humble woman, well might dread
She should unqueen'd be led
By Cæsar's stern Liburni, and provide
His triumph's chiefest pride.

Ausa et jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
 Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
 Corpore combiberet venenum,
Deliberata morte ferocior ;
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens
 Privata deduci superbo
 Non humilis mulier triumpho.

Ode xxxviii.--TO HIS SLAVE.

Boy, I tell you that I hate
Persian pomp and Persian state :
Little pleasure can I find
In chaplets knit with linden rind :
Seek not then with prying fingers
For me the rose which latest lingers ;
To the myrtle, simply fair,
Give, I beg, no laboured care :
Still the myrtle grace is lending
You, upon my wants attending,
And me besceems, who drink my wine,
Stretched beneath a bowery vine.

Carmen XXXVIII.—AD PUERUM.

Persicos odi, puer apparatus,
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ ;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus euro : neque te ministrum
Dedeet myrtus, neque me sub areta
Vite bibentem.

ODES. BOOK II.

Ode I.—TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

You all our civil broils relate
Since our Metellus' consulate,
The cause of war, its vice lay bare,
How waged, and Fortune's freaks declare ;
How princes leagued for ill combine,
And how our arms unholy shine,
Still red and moistened with the flood
Of yet unexpiated blood.
And still your danger to enhance
Describe these deeds of doubtful chance,
And tell of times like fires which low
Beneath deceitful ashes glow.
But now a little while decline
To take the tragic Muse's line ;
Our state restored, your talent rare
Resume, and Attie buskins wear.
Pollio ! our famous advocate,
And wise adviser of the state,
Your brow with deathless laurel bound
In a Dalmatian triumph crowned !
You write, we hear the threatening horn,
The noisy trumpets elang in scorn,
Swift horses fly from armour bright

LIBER SECUNDUS.

Carmen I.—AD ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum
Bellique causas et vitia et modos
Ludumque Fortunæ gravesque
Principum amicitias et arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ,
Tractas et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.
Paullum severæ Musa tragediæ
Desit theatris : mox ubi publicas
Res ordinariis, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,
Insigne mæstis præsidium reis
Et consulenti, Pollio, curiæ ;
Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.
Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures, jam litui strepunt ;
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque vultus.

Which dazzles the careering knight,
Great leaders now we seem to hear
Who soiled with glorious dust appear :
And all the earth subdued we find,
But Cato's still unconquered mind.

Juno and all the gods who gave
To Afric love, but could not save,
And unavenged had left the land,
Bring sons of our victorious band,
Which to Jugurtha's manes are
A sacrifice supplied by war.
What plain but yet more fertile grows
From Latin blood which o'er it flows ?
Our sepulchres, alas ! declare
How frequent impious battles were ;
E'en distant Persia hears the cry
Arise of ruined Italy.
What ocean gulph, what rivers fail
Of our sad wars to hear the tale,
What sea whose waves have not grown red
With heaps of our Italian dead ?
Free from our blood what coast is found ?

But Muse ! no longer rove around,
Nor jokes forsake for Cean strain ;
But now with lighter touch again
Pour forth those pleasant songs with me
Which with Dione's cave agree.

Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.

Juno et Deorum quisquis amicioꝝ
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
Tellure victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias Jugurthæ.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus sepulcris impia prælia
Testatur auditumque Medis
Hesperiaë sonitum ruinaë?

Qui gurgēs aut quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniaë
Non decoloravere cædes?
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, jocis
Cææ retractes munera nenיא:
Mecum Dionæo sub antro
Quæro modos levioro plectro.

Ode II.—TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

Crispus Sallustius! Silver hath no sheen
Hid in the greedy earth, and no delight
Have you in coin which no fair use has seen
To make it bright.

Your memory, Proculeius! ever lives
Blest by your brothers for paternal aid,
You, Fame's untiring pinion Glory gives
Not soon to fade.

You may more widely reign by governing
A greedy spirit, than if you should own
Libya and Spain, and either Carthage bring
To serve your throne.

By drinking, dreadful dropsy progress gains,
Nor thirst is quenched, unless some cause avail
To drive the watery sickness from the veins
And body pale.

Phraates when restored to Cyrus' throne
Gained not true happiness, in wisdom's eye,
Whate'er the crowd might think, thus taught to own
How wrongfully

Falsehood is used for truth; kingdom and crown
And lasting laurel wisdom bids him hold,
Who with undazzled eye can look and frown
On countless gold.

Carmen II.—AD C. SALLUSTIUM CRISPUM.

Nullus argento color est avaris
Abdito terris, inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proeuleius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni;
Illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritus, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops.
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

Redditum Cyri solia Phraaten
Dissidens plebi, numero beatorum
Eximit Virtus populumque falsis
Dedoet uti

Vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
Deferens uni propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
Speetat acervos.

Ode III.—To Q. DELLIUS.

Dellius! You too must die with all mankind ;
 Endeavour then to keep an even mind
 In difficult affairs, and let no pride,
 When most you prosper, in your looks abide :
 Whether through all your days you wail and weep,
 Or happily each festal day may keep,
 And stretched sequestered on the soft grass sleep
 With best Falernian filled, where the great pine
 And silvery poplar's mingled boughs combine,
 Giving a kindly shade, where glidingly
 Past winding banks the rippling stream flows by,
 Here wine and unguents order them to bring,
 And pleasant rose leaves, too soon withering :
 While wealth and youth are ours, while slow we find
 Runs the black thread the sisters three unwind.—

But you must soon lose home and wide-spread woods,
 The villa washed by Tiber's yellow floods,
 These you must yield, and then your heir shall reap
 Your riches, piled in such a lofty heap.
 Whether you may be wealthy, whether sprung
 From ancient Inachus or basely flung
 Unhoused among the poor, you must obey
 Unpitying Oreus on your dying day.
 All are alike compelled ; the fateful urn
 Sooner or later for us all shall turn :
 The lot flies forth, in Charon's dismal boat
 We all must then to endless exile float.

Carmen III.—AD DELLIUM.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
 Ab insolenti temperatem
 Lætitia, moriture Delli,
 Seu mæstus omni tempore vixeris,
 Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
 Festos reclinatum bearis
 Interiore nota Falerni.
 Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
 Umbram hospitem consociare amant
 Ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
 Lympha fugax trepidare rivo?
 Hæc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
 Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ,
 Dum res et ætas et Sororum
 Fila trium patiuntur atra.
 Cedes, coëmptis saltibus et domo
 Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
 Cedes, et exstructis in altum
 Divitiis potietur heres.
 Divesne priseo natus ab Inacho,
 Nil interest, an pauper et infima
 De gente sub divo moreris,
 Victima nil miserantis Orci,
 Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
 Versatur urna serius ocuis
 Sors exitura et nos in æternum
 Exilium impositura cymbæ.

Ode IV.—TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

Blush not, because you love your slave,
My Xanthias Phoceus! Long ago
Briseis proud Achilles gave
The wound of love from breast of snow.

And Ajax Telamon was moved
By fair Tecmessa's captive charms,
Atreides, midst his triumph, loved
The Virgin vanquished by his arms;

What time the Trojan ranks gave way,
By conquering Achilles driven;
And Hector fall'n, an easier prey,
Troy to the wearied Greeks was given.

Your fair-haired Phillis, you will find,
Has parents who will bring you fame;
She mourns her household gods, unkind
To her once royal race and name.

Believe me no disgraceful stain
Is hers, so ever faithful found,
That she who never thinks of gain
Is to no shameful mother bound.

From passion free I praise her arms,
Her face; how smooth each limb appears!
If this your jealousy alarms—
Bethink you of my forty years.

Carmen IV.—AD XANTHIAM PHOCEUM.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
 Xanthia Phoceu ! Prius insolentem
 Serva Briseis niveo colore
 Movit Achillem ;

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
 Forma captivæ dominum Teemessæ ;
 Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
 Virgine rapta,

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
 Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector
 Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
 Pergama Graiis.

Nescias, an te generum beati
 Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes :
 Regium certe genus et Penates
 Mæret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scolæsta
 Plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem,
 Sic lucro aversam potuïssô nasci
 Matre pudenda.

Brachia et vultum teretesque suras
 Integer laudo ; fugo suspicari,
 Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
 Claudero lustrum.

Carmen v.—AD AMATOREM LALAGES.

Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet
 Cervicæ, nondum munia comparis
 Æquare, nec tauri ruentis
 In Venerem tolerare pondus.

Circa virentes est animus tuæ
 Campos juvencæ, nunc fluviis gravem
 Solantis æstum, nunc in udo
 Ludere eum vitulis salieto

Prægestientis. Tolle eupidinem
 Immitis uvæ: jam tibi lividos
 Distinguit Autumnus racemos -
 Purpureo varius colore.

Jam te sequetur: currit enim ferox
 Ætas et illi, quos tibi dempserit,
 Apponet annos; jam proterva
 Fronte petet Lalage maritum:

Dilecta, quantum non Pholoë fugax,
 Non Chloris albo sic humero nitens,
 Ut pura nocturno renidet
 Luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges,

Quom si puellarum insereres choro,
 Mire sagaces falleret hospites
 Discrimen obscurum solutis
 Crinibus ambiguoque vultu.

Ode VI.—TO SEPTIMIUS.

Septimius, to Gades with me you would run,
Or Cantabria untaught to submit to our sway,
To barbarous Syrtes, or, nearer the sun,
Where the Maurian waters grow warm in his ray.

Be Tibur, the old Argive colonist's town,
In old age the refuge provided for me.
There let me find shelter, and wearied lay down
My toil and my warfare by land and by sea.

Should the Fates thence unjustly compel me to roam,
I would seek the sweet river Galesus, renowned
For sheep of fine wool, or those fields make my home
Where Laconian Phalanthus once ruler was found.

That corner of earth smiles for me more than all,
Where honey like that of Hymettus we find,
Where olives as fine as Venafrum's shall fall,
And Jupiter grants us a spring long and kind,

And seasons, whose winters are never too cold,
And Aulon, so fertile a soil for the vine,
By Bacchus so blessed, can unenvied behold
The grapes of Falernia beside her own shine.

That spot and the good-omened battlements call
You and me to the shelter they gladly would lend,
There on my warm ashes your due tears may fall
Lamenting alike both the poet and friend.

Carmen VI.—AD SEPTIMIUM.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum et
 Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra et
 Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
 Æstuat unda ;

Tibur Argeo positum colono
 Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ,
 Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
 Militiæque !

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
 Dulce pellitis ovibus Galæsi
 Flumen et regnata petam Laconi
 Rura Phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
 Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
 Mella decedunt viridique certat
 Bacca Venafro.

Ver ubi longum tepidasque præbet
 Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
 Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
 Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
 Postulant arces ; ibi tu calentem
 Debita sparges lacrima favillam
 Vatis amici.

Ode VII.—TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

You that have often been with me
In danger's last extremity,
When Brutus led us to the wars ;
Say, Varus ! who to you restores
The rights to Romans only given,
Your country's Gods, Italia's heaven ?

Best friend, how oft when you appeared,
The lagging day with wine we cheered,
Our shining hair shed perfumes round,
With Syrian Malobathrum crowned,
With you Philippi's fight I dared,
With you the headlong rout I shared ;
My shield, alas ! was flung away,
No valour could retrieve the day ;
E'en vaunting warriors now must yield,
And bite the gore-polluted field.
But Mereury, in rapid flight,
Bore me, yet trembling, from the fight,
And hid me from the hostile crowd,
Folded within a veil of eloud.

But you the raging wave once more
Drew to the stormy sea of war ;
Then let the sacrifice so due
Be offered up to Jove by you,
And wearied with your long campaign,

Carmen VII.—AD POMPEIUM VARUM.

O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum
 Deducte Bruto militiae duee,
 Quis te redonavit Quiritem
 Dis patriis Italoque cœlo,

Pompei meorum prime sodalium ?
 Cum quo morantem sæpe diem mero
 Fregi coronatus nitentis
 Malobathro Syrio capillos.

Teeum Philippos et eelerem fugam
 Sensi relieta non bene parmula,
 Quum fraeta vertus et minaces
 Turpe solum tetigere mento.

Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
 Denso paventem sustulit aère ;
 Te rursus in bellum resorbens
 Unda fretis tulit æstuosis.

Ergo obligatam reddi Jovi dapem
 Longaque fessum militia latus

Beneath my laurel stretched remain.
Jars saved for you, spare not to spill,
With Massic wine the goblet fill,
Wine which sad memories dispels ;
Pour unguents from the mighty shells,
Say who the chaplet shall prepare
Of parsley moist or myrtle fair,
And whom shall Venus place on high
As master of our revelry ?
Like drunken Thracians, now let me
A votary of Bacchus be,
And wine a pleasant madness lend
To welcome my returning friend.

Depone sub lauru mea nec
Parce cadis tibi destinatis.

Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple, funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas

Curatve myrto ? quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi ? non ego sanius
Bacchabor Edonis : recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

Ode VIII.—TO BARINE.

I might, Barine, take your words for sooth,
Did punishment your perjury succeed ;
Were you made ugly by black nail or tooth ;
But you indeed

At once with vows can bind your perjured head,
Yet shine with beauty more supremely fair,
And all the young men after you are led,
A public care.

Your mother's ashes in their secret urn,
The silent lamps of night, the boundless sky,
Gods, free from chilling death, to gain you turn,
By all you lie.

Venus herself, I well know, laughs at this,
Laugh, too, her guileless nymphs and cruel son,
Who burning arrows ever sharpening is
On gory stone.

Besides, for you a crowd of youth matures,
And this new servitude yet wider grows,
Still former slaves your perjured roof allures,
Tho' threats oppose.

You, mothers for their pretty striplings dread,
You, stingy sires, sad virgins fear your charms
Lest you withhold their husbands, newly wed,
From their fond arms.

Carmen VIII.—AD BARINEN.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam,
Dente si nigro fieres vel uno
Turpior ungui,

Crederem, Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo juvenumque prodís
Publica cura.

Expedit matris cineres opertos
Fallere et toto taciturna noctis
Signa cum cœlo gelidaque Divos
Morte carentes.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruenta.

Adde, quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
Servitus crescit nova ; nec priores
Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt
Sæpe minati.

Te suis matres metuunt juvenis,
Te senes parci miseræque nuper
Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet
Aura maritos.

Ode IX.—To VALGIUS.

Valgius, the flood-worn plain
Not always feels the rain ;
Nor on the Caspian wave
Do winds for ever rave
Nor doth eternal frost
Fetter Armenia's coast ;
Nor do Garganus' oaks
Aye feel the North wind's strokes ;
Leaves are not always strown
From the bared ash tree blown.
Yet ever tears you shed,
Lamenting Mystes dead.
When comes the evening shade
The ducs of grief are paid ;
And when the sun doth rise,
And chase night from the skies,
Your love cannot depart,
But bursts from your sad heart.
Not for Antilochus
Wept aged Nestor thus,
Nor for young Troilus
Did parents always weep,
Or Phrygian sisters keep
Such constant grief. Have done
Soft mourning for your son ;
Now rather let us raise

Carmen IX.—AD C. VALGIUM.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros aut mare Caspium,
Vexant inæquales procellæ
Usque, nec Armeniis in oris,

Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant
Et foliis viduantur orni :

Tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
Surgente decedunt amores
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.

At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antiochum senex
Annos, nec impubem parentes
Troïlon aut Phrygiæ sorores

Flevere semper. Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum, et potius nova

Augustus Cæsar's praise ;
Sing of Niphates cold ;
The Medus' waves behold
Joined to our conquests, seem
To roll a humbler stream ;
And the Geloni now,
As far as we allow,
Ride in the narrow round
Within the meted bound.

Cantemus Augusti tropæa
Cæsaris et rigidum Niphaten,
Medunque flumen gentibus additum
Victis minores volvere vertices,
Intraque præscriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

Ode x.—To LICINIUS.

Live within reason's bounds, Licinius, nor
Tempt with your sails the open ocean's war,
And whilst you wisely dread the tempest's roar
Hug not the perilous shore.

He who delighteth in the golden mean
Need fear no dwelling ruined and unclean,
A Court's magnificence he may have seen
And still unenvious been.

Against great pines the winds more fiercely blow,
And high towers fall in mightier overthrow,
And mountains most mid loftiest summits know
The lightning's scorching blow.

The mind well ordered vieweth Hope through tears,
But in prosperity changed fortune fears.
Now bringing winter's tempests Jove appears,
Now he with summer eheers.

The evil of to-day to-morrow ends;
Oft Phœbus to the silent muse descends,
And with his lyre an inspiration lends,
Nor his bow always bends.

Never in sorrow let your courage fail,
Be strong, be bold, if poverty prevail,
And prudently before a prosperous gale
Reef your too swelling sail.

Carmen x.—AD LICINIUM.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

Sæpius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit seecundis
Alteram sortem bene præparatum
Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit
Jupiter, idem

Summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit. Quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat musam neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare; sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.

Ode XI.—To QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

What the Cantabrian in warfare great,
Or distant Scythian now may meditate,
Who dwells beyond the Adriatic shore,
Quintius Hirpinus, pray enquire no more.

No great solicitude for wealth employ,
Stored up for age when few things we enjoy.
Nor youth, nor love, nor beauty long we keep,
And harsh grey hairs will banish gentle sleep,

Not the same glory decks the flowers of spring,
Nor can the moon a constant lustre fling.
And why should you fatigue your mortal mind,
Hoping the purpose of the gods to find ?

Why not beneath this lofty plane recline,
Or stretched all carelessly beneath the pine,
Drain dry the cup, while Syrian spikenard rare,
And scent of rose breathes from our silvering hair ?

Far off devouring sorrow Bacchus drives.
What nimble youth most zealously contrives
To bring the cooling water we require
To qualify the strong Falernian's fire ?

Who will lure fickle Lyde from her home ?
Here with her lyre of ivory bid her come,
Bid her in careless knot her uncombed hair,
Bind in the fashion of the Spartan fair.

Carmen XI.—AD QUINTIUM.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
 Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Hadria
 Divisus objecto, remittas
 Quærere nec trepidcs in usum

Poscentis ævi pauca. Fugit retro
 Levis iuventas et decor, arida
 Pellente lascivos amores
 Canitie facilemque somnum,

Non semper idem floribus est honor
 Vernis neque uno Luna rubens nitet
 Vultu. Quid æternis minorem
 Consiliis animum fatigas?

Cur non sub alta vel platano vel hæc
 Pinu jacentes sic temere et rosa
 Canos odorati capillos,
 Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

Potamus uncti? Dissipat Euius
 Curas edaces. Quis puer oeius
 Restinguet ardentis Falerni
 Pocula prætereunte lympha?

Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
 Lyden? Eburna, dic age, cum lyra
 Maturct incomptam Lacæna
 More comam religata nodo.

Ode XII.—TO MÆCENAS.

Ask me, I beg, to sing no more
Of fierce Numantia's lasting war
 To lyre in tender strain ;
Or tell of Hannibal the dread,
Or of Sicilia's sea grown red
 With Carthaginian slain ;

How Lapithæ wild battle waged,
Or of Hylæus wine-enraged,
 Or earth's young giant band
Who the bright dome of Saturn old
Made shake till down defeated rolled
 By the Hereulcan hand.

Mæcenas ! you in prose exeel,
And best of Cæsar's battles tell,
 And necks of haughty kings
Through Roman streets in triumph led ;
But me the Muse commands instead
 To sing more pleasant things.

Your dear Licinia's dazzling eyes,
And breast where mutual love ne'er dies,
 And how in festal play

Carmen XII.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ
Nec dirum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare
Pœno purpureum sanguine mollibus
Aptari citharæ modis,

Nec sævos Lapithas et nimium mero
Hylæum domitosque Hereulca manu
Telluris juvenes, unde periculum
Fulgens contremuit domus

Saturni veteris; tuque pedestribus
Dices historiis proelia Cæsaris,
Mæcenas, molius, ductaque per vias
Regum colla minacium.

Me dulces dominæ Musa Licymniæ
Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
Fulgentes oculos et bene mutuis
Fidum pectus amoribus;

Quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
Nec certare joco nec dare brachia
Ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro
Dianæ celebris die.

First in the dance her foot is found,
Her arms about bright virgins wound,
On Dian's sacred day.

Would you exchange for Persia's throne
For all Mygdonian fields may own
In Phrygia rich and fair,
For palaces of Araby,
Tho' they with wealth o'erflowing be,
Licia's shining hair?

Whene'er her neck to you she turns
To seek the kiss which glowing burns,
Or petulant denies,
Which still she wishes you to seize,
Or soon herself to snatch may please,
As changing moods arise.

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licymniæ,
 Plenas aut Arabum domos?—

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem aut facili sævitia negat,
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
 Interdum rapere occupat.

Ode XIII.—TO A TREE WHICH HAD NEARLY
CRUSHED HIM.

Whoever in some most unlucky hour
Planted and reared you, tree, with impious hand,
That o'er his grandsons your dark shade might lour,
And throw disgrace on the surrounding land—
Broke his own father's neck, I could believe,
Or spilt his guest's blood in the dead of night;
Could deal in Colchie poisons, and conceive
Whatever was most contrary to right.
Such was the man who placed you, log abhorred,
Upon my land, tree then foredoomed to fall
Upon the innocent head of your own lord.

Some danger lies in wait alike for all,
And no man can at all times watchful be;
The Punie sailor Thracian waves affright
Nor fears tho mischief which he cannot see;
Soldiers dread Parthian arrows, shot in flight:
The Parthian dreads the Roman power and chains:
But death unlooked for snatches us away,
And Death the destiny of all remains.

Dark Proserpine almost had seized her prey,
We drew near *Ææus* who dooms the shades,
The separate seats of bliss, or where deplores
Sappho to Lesbian lyre her country's maids,
And where *Alexus'* strain still higher soars,

Carmen XIII.—IN ARBOREM, CUJUS CASU IN AGRO
SABINO PÆNE OPPRESSUS EST.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
 Quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu
 Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
 Perniciem opprobriumque pagi ;
 Illum et parentis crediderim sui
 Fregisse cervicem et penetralia
 Sparsisse nocturno cruore
 Hospitis ; ille venena Colcha
 Et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
 Tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
 Te, triste, lignum, te caducum
 In domini caput immerentis.
 Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
 Cautum est in horas : navita Bosporum
 Pænus perhorrescit neque ultra
 Cæca timet aliunde fata,
 Miles sagittas et celerem fugam
 Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
 Robur ; sed improvisa leti
 Vis rapuit rapietque gentes.
 Quam pæne furvæ regna Proscrpinae
 Et judicantem vidimus Æacum,
 Sedesque discretas piorum, et
 Æoliis fidibus querentem
 Sappho puellis de popularibus,
 Et te sonantem plenius aurco,
 Alcæe, plectro dura navis,

Singing to golden harp the sailor's ills,
The exile's hardships, how war's toil abounds !
The listening ghosts each strain with wonder fills,
Which worthy of deep silence grandly sounds :
But tales of fights and tyrants overthrown
Greedy to drink the shouldering crowd appears,
Nor need we wonder, when, attentive grown,
The hundred-headed beast hangs his black ears,
And when the furies' hair-twined snakes rejoice ;
Prometheus, Tantalus alike forego
Their tasks at that sweet sound, Orion's voice
Lions no more and timid lynxes know.

Dura fugæ mala, dura belli !

Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur Umbræ dicere ; sed magis
Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

Quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
Demittit atras bellua centiceps
Aures et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues ?

Quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
Dulci laborum decipitur sono ;
Nec curat Orion leones
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

Ode XIV.—TO POSTUMUS.

Postumus, Postumus! Alas! my friend,
 The flying years slip by,
 Virtue prevents not wrinkles, nor our end:
 Age comes, and we must die.
 Stern Pluto, with three hundred bulls a-day
 To move, how vain to try!
 Vast, threefold Geryon, Tityon's self obey,
 Forced back by Styx; we all
 Alike must navigate that mournful stream,
 Whatever lot befall,
 The rank of kings, or exile's sad extreme.
 In vain it is that we
 From cruel war and from the storm-tossed wave
 Of Adria's hoarse-voiced sea
 Still strive to fly, hoping from harm to save
 Ourselves; as vainly flee
 In autumn from the baneful southern gale.
 Cocytus we must trace,
 Black, winding, sluggish stream; nought can avail;
 We must behold the race
 Of Danaus, infamous, and Sisyphus,
 The son of Eolus, condemned
 To that long task. Earth must be left by us,
 Homo, and dear wife. Dark stemm'd
 And odious cypress is the only tree
 Of all which now you train,

Carmen XIV.—AD POSTUMUM.

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
 Labuntur anni ; nec pietas moram
 Rugis et instanti senectæ
 Afferet indomitæque morti ;

Non, si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,
 Amice, places illacrimabilem
 Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
 Geryonen Tityonque tristi

Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
 Quicumque terræ munere vescimur,
 Enaviganda, sive reges
 Sive inopes erimus coloni.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
 Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriæ,
 Frustra per autumnos nocentem
 Corporibus metuemus Austrum :

Visendus ater flumine languido
 Coeytos errans et Danaï genus
 Infame damnatusque longi
 Sisyphus Æolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
 Uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum

Which shall, poor short-lived master, follow thee.
A luckier heir shall drain
Thy Cœcuban, locked up with hundred keys,
And tinge the pavement proud
With wine more rich than e'er, the taste to please,
The high priest's board allowed.

Te præter invisas eupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet heres Cæcuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus et mero
Tinget pavementum superbo,
Pontificum potiore ecenis.

Ode xv.—ON THE LUXURY OF THE AGE, PARTICULARLY
IN BUILDING.

Soon royal palaces our land will take,
Till of our aeres but a few remain,
And fish ponds wider than the Lucrine lake
Stretch stagnant o'er the plain.

Where elm trees grow will vineless planes abound,
Violets and myrtles, all that scent afford
Will shed sweet odours through the olive ground
Now fruitful for its lord.

Soon interlacing laurels will exclude
The sun's fierce rays : not under laws of old,
Or Romulus, or bearded Cato rude,
Could we such things behold.

Those were the days when private wealth was low,
But yet the common good was chiefest care ;
No house possessed a lengthened portico
For Northern shade and air.

Then dwellings reared of turf the laws allowed,
But towns were built adorned by state command ;
Temples of new-wrought stone to gods were vowed,
And shone through all the land.

Carmen xv.—IN SUI SECVLI LUXURIAM.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiae
 Moles relinquent, undique latius
 Extenta visentur Lucrino
 Stagna lacu platanusque caelebs

Evincet ulmos. Tum violaria et
 Myrtus et omnis copia narium
 Spargent olivetis odorem
 Fertilibus domino priori ;

Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
 Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
 Præscriptum et intonsi Catonis
 Auspiciis veterumque norma.

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
 Commune magnum : nulla decempedis
 Metata privatis opacam
 Porticus excipiebat Arcton ;

Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem
 Leges sinebant, oppida publico
 Sumptu jubentes et Decorum
 Templa novo decorare saxo.

Carmen XVI.—AD POMPEIUM GROSPIUM.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
 Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
 Condidit Lunam neque certa fulgent
 Sidera nautis ;

Otium bello furiosa Thraee,
 Otium Medi pharetra decori,
 Grospe, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
 nale neque auro.

Non enim gazæ neque eonsularis
 Summovet licitor miseros tumultus
 Mentis et euras laqueata eireum
 Teeta volantes.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
 Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,
 Nec leves somnos timor aut eupido
 Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaeulamur ævo
 Multa ? Quid terras alio ealentes
 Sole mutamus ? Patriæ quis exsul
 Se quoque fugit ?

Seandit aratas vitiosa naves
 Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
 Ocior eorvis, et agente nimbos
 Ocior Euro.

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est,
Oderit curare et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
 Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
Et mihi forsân, tibi quod negarit
 Porriget hora.

Te greges centum Siculaeque circum
Mugiant vaccæ, tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
 Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura et
Spiritus Graiæ tenuem Camenæ
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
 Spernere vulgus.

Ode XVII.—TO MÆCENAS WHEN ILL.

Why thus complaining leave me half alive?
Friendship forbids that I should you survive;
The gods, Mæcenas, would no more than I
See you, my aid, my glory, sooner die.
Ah! why, if earlier death should seize unkind
Half of my soul, should yet be left behind
The other half, not near so loved by me,
Which torn from you still incomplete must be!
The self-same day shall see the death of both;
This have I sworn and I will keep the oath.
We both, we both will go; when forth you fare,
Together the last journey we will share.
Not if vast Gyas should again arise
Who with his hundred hands assailed the skies,
Not e'en Chimæra with the fiery breath
Shall tear me from you on the road to death.
This powerful Justice and the Fates decree:
Whether my star in Libra's sign may be,
Or Scorpio, glaring on my natal hour,
With rays malign might evil influence shower;
Or Capricornus, who Hesperia's wave
Rules as a tyrant rules an abject slave;
In some scarce credible, mysterious way
Doubtless one star our destinies must sway.
You, Jupiter, propitious shining, healed,
And could your life from Saturn's mischief shield,

Carmen XVII.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis ?
 Nee Dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
 Obire, Mæcenas, mearum
 Grande decus eolumenque rerum.

Ah te meæ si partem animæ rapit
 Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
 Nee carus æque nec superstes
 Integer ? Ille dies utramque

Ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
 Dixi sacramentum : ibimus, ibimus,
 Utcunque præcedes, supremum
 Carpere iter comites parati.

Me nec Chimærae spiritus igneæ,
 Nec si resurgat centimanus Gyas,
 Divellet unquam : sic potenti
 Justitiæ placitumque Parcis.

Seu Libra seu me Scorpions adspicit
 Formidolosus, pars violentior
 Natalis horæ, seu tyrannus
 Hesperia Capricornus undæ,

Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
 Consentit astrum. Te Jovis impio
 Tutela Saturno refulgens

And stayed Fate's headlong flight: when you appeared
The crowded theatre thrice loudly cheered.

A tree had fallen on my defenceless head
Unless swift Faunus to my help had sped,
And borne its weight; Faunus our guard and friend,
Who still to poets doth protection lend.

Grateful do you the sacrifice prepare,
And raise the votive temple high in air
For health restored: because I live to-day,
I will a humble lamb to Faunus slay.

Eripuit volucrisque Fati

Tardavit alas, quum populus frequens

Lætum theatris ter crepuit sonum :

Me truncus illapsus cerebro

Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ietum

Dextra levasset, Mercurialium

Custos virorum. Reddere victimas

Ædemque votivam memento :

Nos humilem feriemus agnum.

Ode XVIII.

No ivory my house displays,
No fretted gilded ceilings bright,
No columns from far Afric raise
Beams of Hymettus' marble white.

I never sought the realm to seize
Of Attalus, a spurious heir ;
For me no high-born damsels please
To spin Laeonian purples rare.

In me, good faith, a kindly vein
Of pleasant wit you may behold,
And see besides a rich man deign
To seek me, tho' I boast not gold.

The gods with prayer I will not tire,
Nor weary out a powerful friend ;
My Sabine farm, my one desire,
And blest with that, my wishes end.

Day urges day, new moons arise,
And then depart like those that were,
And Death perhaps may you surprise,
While sculptured marbles you prepare.

Your tomb forgot, you mansions build ;
A wider space your structures crave,
With Baiæ's walls the shore is filled,
Which stretch into the roaring wave.

Carmen XVIII.—DE CONTINENTIA QUÆ PAUPERTATEM
SUAM DIVITIIS PRÆFERT.

Non ebur neque aureum
 Mea renidet in domo lacunar,
Non trabes Hymettiae
 Premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
 Ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
Nec Laonicas mihi
 Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ.
At fides et ingenî
 Benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
Me petit : nihil supra
 Deos laesso, nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
 Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die,
 Novæque pergunt interire Lunæ.
Tu secunda marmora
 Locas sub ipsum funus, et supulehri
Immemor struis domos
 Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Sommovere litora,

Why should you greedy bear away
Your neighbour's land-mark, leaping o'er
Your client's bounds, his rights betray?
Husband and wife may rest no more—

Thrust forth—they in their bosoms bear
Their household gods and squalid boys;
Yet Orcus waits the wealthy heir,
The certain end of all his joys.

Why beyond this our longings throw?
Earth opens wide her breast for all;
To her at last the poor must go,
And sons of kings alike must fall.

Gold could not Charon tempt to bring
Wily Prometheus back to light;
And Tantalus, that haughty king,
With all his race he holds in night.

He from his labours can relieve
The poor man, worn with toil and years;
Repose he brings to those who grieve,
Invoked or uninvoked he hears.

Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid, quod usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens Deos
Et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.
Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orei fine destinata
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æque tellus
Pauperi recluditur
Regumque pueris, nec satelles Orei
Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
Genus coërect; hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

Ode XIX.—TO BACCHUS.

Ages to come what I have seen believe !
Amidst the distant rocks I Bacchus found,
Teaching the strains which listening Nymphs receive,
While goat-foot Satyrs throng intent around.
Evoe ! I tremble with a sudden fear ;
Rapt my whole breast receives the present god.
Evoe ! O spare me mighty Bacchus, hear !
Armed with the terrors of thy dreadful rod.

Of frenzied Mænads now I dare to sing,
Fountains of wine, and milk which flows in streams,
Of honey which from hollow trunks doth spring,
And then may celebrate more lofty themes ;
Of his blest spouse, of Ariadne tell,
A constellation to the skies upborne,
How Pentheus' house in-no light ruin fell,
Of king Lycurgus and his fate forlorn.
You govern rivers and the Indian sea ;
You, dripping wine, make the Bacchantes dare,
When they to some sequestered mountains flee,
To bind with vipers, all unharmed, their hair.
You, when the giants on Olympus' steep
With impious hand your father's throne assail,
In lion shape made Rhætus downward leap,
Driven by furious tooth and fearful nail ;
And tho' for jests and dances fitter far,
And games and all the gentle arts of peace,

Carmen XIX.—AD LIBERUM PATREM.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
 Vidi doentem, credite posteri,
 Nymphasque discentes et aures
 Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Enoe, recenti mens trepidat metu,
 Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
 Lætatur. Enoe, parce Liber,
 Parce, gravi metuende thyrsos.

Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas
 Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
 Cantare rivos atque truncis
 Lapsa eavis iterare mella,

Fas et beatæ conjugis additum
 Stellis honorem, tectaque Penthei
 Disjecta non leni ruina,
 Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.

Tu fleetis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
 Tu separatis uvidus in jugis
 Nodo cœrees viperino
 Bistonidum sine fraude crines :

Tu, quum parentis regna per arduum
 Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
 Rhœtum retorsisti leonis
 Unguibus horribilique mala ;

Quamquam choreis aptior et jocis
 Ludoque dictus non sat idoneus

You, then prepared alike for peace or war,
Could either battle raise or bid to cease.

Cerberus beheld you, nor could harm inflict ;
And brushed you parting gently with his tail ;
With threefold tongue your feet, your legs, he lick'd,
So could your comely golden horn prevail.

Pugnæ ferrebaris : sed idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli.

Te videt insons Cerberus aureo
Cornu decorum, leniter atterens
Caudam et recedentis trilingui
Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

Ode xx.—HE PROPHECIES HIS IMMORTALITY.

On pinions strange and strong
 The liquid air I wing,
 A two formed son of song
 Above the earth I spring ;
 Past envy's reach, tho' lowly born,
 And called Mæenas' friend, mortality I scorn.

Cities I leave behind ;
 The Stygian waters me
 I know shall never bind ;
 And plumed my fingers see,
 My legs a roughened skin now wear,
 With shoulders winged I soar a white bird through
 the air.

Dædalian Iearus
 Flew slower than this bird ;
 Seen by sad Bosphorus,
 With song melodious heard :
 Getulian Syrtes' lands far North,
 Colehians and far Geloni see me flying forth.

The Dacians who pretend
 The Marsian troops to fear,
 And shrewd Ibernians bend
 A glance as I appear :
 And he who quaffs the Rhone's cold wave :
 Then let all mournful songs be absent from my grave.

Carmen XX.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
 Penna biformis per liquidum æthera
 Vates, neque in terris morabor
 Longius invidiaque major

Urbes relinquam. Non ego pauperum
 Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas,
 Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo,
 Nec Stygia, cohibebor unda.

Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
 Pelles et album mutor in alitem
 Superne, nascunturque leves
 Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

Jam Dædaleo ocior Icaro
 Visam gementis litora Bospori
 Syrtesque Gætulas canorus
 Ales Hyperboreosque campos.

Me Colehus et qui dissimulat metum
 Marsæ cohortis Dacus et ultimi
 Noscent Geloni, me peritus
 Dissect Iber Rhodanique poter :

Complainings be suppress,
Unheard the voice of woe,
A tomb without a guest
Forbids your tears to flow :
Unprofitable clamours cease,
And let the empty ceremony pass in peace.

Absint inani funere neniae
Luctusque turpes et querimoniae;
Compesce clamorem ac sepulchri
Mitte supervacuos honores.

ODES. BOOK III.

Ode I.

I hate and drive far far away the uninitiate throng :
The poet is the Muse's priest, then listen to my song ;
I sing to youths and virgins things never heard
before.

The subjects of tremendous kings may tremble and
adore ;

Yet Jove rules all things by his nod, and kings
confess the might

Of him, the giants' conqueror, illustrious in fight.

One man may wider plant his trees, as greater his
domain ;

Or this a nobler candidate descend into the plain ;

This man in fashion better, or glory may contend ;

Or greater crowds of clients on another may depend ;

But equally necessity doth govern high and low,

And forth in turn the spacious urn the lot of each
will throw.

For him who o'er his impious head saw hang the
naked sword,

In vain delicious flavours will Sicilian feasts afford ;

Nor song of birds, nor harps' sweet tones bring slum-
ber to their lord.

LIBER TERTIUS.

Carmen I.—AD CHORUM VIRGINUM ET PUERORUM.

Odī profanum vulgus et arceo ;
Favete linguis : carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis
Clari Giganteo triumpho,
Cuncta supercilio moventis.

Est, ut viro vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
Descendat in Campum petitor,
Moribus hic meliorque fama

Contendat, illi turba clientium
Sit major : æqua lege Necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos ;
Omne capax movet urna nomen.

Destructus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
Dulcem laborabunt saporem,
Non avium citharæque cantus

The gentle sleep of husbandmen shuns not the
humble roof
Nor keeps from breeze-fanned Tempe or shady bank
aloof.
Who only wants enough, secure, no sea tempestuous
fears,
Nor storms when sets Arcturus, or Hoedus first
appears.
He dreads no hailstones for his vines, no unpro-
ductive farm,
No trees now flooded, now burnt up, now bearing
winter's harm.
The fish perceive diminished seas whilst moles invade
the deep,
Here oft the work's contractor and his servants
rubbish heap,
And cast down mortar for a lord disdainng earth to
share,
But fear and threats of conscience can reach the
master there.
Black care climbs brazen galleys, and sits behind the
knight,
Then if fair Phrygian marbles, and purple robes star-
bright,
And famed Falernia's vintage we unsuccessful find,
Or Persia's costly unguents to soothe the troubled
mind;
Why pillars raise for envy, or courts of fashion rare?
Why change my Sabine vale for wealth which brings
but greater care?

Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

Desiderantem quod satis est neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec sævus Areturi eadentis
Impetus aut orientis Hædi,

Non verberatæ grandine vineæ
Fundusque mendax, arboro nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt
Jaetis in altum molibus; huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominusque terræ

Fastidiosus; sed Timor et Minæ
Seandunt eodem, quo dominus; neque
Deedit ærata triremi et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Quod si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Delenit usus nec Falerna
Vitis, Achæmeniumque costum,

Cur invidendis postibus et novo
Sublimo ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?

Ode II.—TO HIS FRIENDS.

Now should our lusty Roman youth combine
 Gladly to bear the pangs of want extreme
 In toilsome war; now should the knight's spear
 shine
 Against fierce Parthian foes with dreadful gleam;
 He now 'mid danger in the field must live.
 Our tyrant foeman's wife will cry, Alas!
 Her daughter, ripe in years, a sigh will give,
 As from their hostile walls they see him pass,
 Lest the young royal lover, never bred
 To war, by this rough lion smit, should lie,
 Thus through the fight by cruel anger sped.
 'Tis for our country sweet and good to die:
 Death too will follow him who flees away;
 Nor spares the terrors of unwarlike youth
 Who trembling knees and timid back display.
 Virtue is clad in honour bright as truth—
 True virtue never knows base overthrow,
 Nor takes the licitor's axe, or lays it down,
 Whichever way the popular gale may blow.
 Virtue bestows her own immortal crown,
 And dares the heavens by unknown paths attain,
 Spurning the humid earth and vulgar crowd

Carmen II.—AD PUBEM ROMANAM.

Angustam amice pauperiem pati
 Robustus aeri militia puer
 Condiscat et Parthos feroecs
 Vexet eques metuendus hasta,

 Vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
 In rebus. Illum ex mœnibus hosticis
 Matrona bellantis tyranni
 Prospiciens et adulta virgo

 Suspiret, eheu! ne rudis agminum
 Sponsus lacessat regius asperum
 Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
 Per medias rapit ira cædes.

 Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori :
 Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
 Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
 Poplitibus timidoque tergo.

 Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
 Nec sumit aut ponit secures
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.

 Virtus recludens immeritis mori
 Cœlum negata tentat iter via,
 Cœtusque vulgares et udam
 Spernit humum fugiente penna.

With flying wing. Silence is sure of gain :
And he who Ceres' secrets cries aloud
Shall never share with me frail boat, or roof :
Jove scorned, alike will good and bad distress,
But rarely punishment will stand aloof,
But tracks with sure slow foot past wickedness.

Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces : vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
 Vulgarit arcanæ, sub îdem
 Sit trabibus fragilemve mecum

Solvat phaselon ; sæpe Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum :
 Raro antecedentem scelestum
 Deseruit peccæ pœna claudo.

Ode III.

The honest man and stedfast in the right
No froward longing of the imperious mob,
No, not the tyrant present in his might,
Shall of his firmness rob.

Not the rough South wind ruling Adria's sea,
Nor the great hand of thunder-bearing Jove,
Not shatter'd earth whose fragments round him flee,
His fearless mind shall move.

Through courage, Pollux, roving Hercules,
Did high Heaven's fire-girt battlements attain,
With whom Augustus, red-mouthed, stretched at ease,
Doth lie and nectar drain.

Tigers, through this, you father Baeëhus bore,
While each fierce neck to wear the yoke was won,
Aud Mars' steeds drew Quirinus from the shore
Of fatal Aeheron.

Juno, the Gods in counceil heard with joy
When she declared lost Ilium's wretched fate ;
"That judge eorrupt and deadly ruined Troy,
He and his foreign mate.

"For since Laomedon the Gods deceived,
To me and ehaste Minerva Troy is due ;
People and fraudful leader, still aggrieved,
We with our hate pursue.

Carmen III.—AD CESAREM AUGUSTUM.

Justum et teuacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida neque Auster,

Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis :
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
Enisus arces attigit igneas,
Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

Hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
Vexere tigres indocili jugum
Collo trahentes ; hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

Gratum eloquuta consiliantibus
Junone Divis : Ilion, Ilion
Fatalis incestusque iudex
Et mulier peregrina vertit

In pulverem, ex quo destituit Deos
Mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
Castæque damuatum Minervæ
Cum populo et duce fraudulento.

Jam nec Lacænæ splendet adulteræ
Famosus hospes nec Priami domus
Perjura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit,

Nostrisque ductum seditionibus
Bellum resedit. Protinus et graves
Iras et invisum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit sacerdos,

Marti redonabo ; illum ego lucidas
Inire sedes, ducere nectaris
Succos et adscribi quietis
Ordinibus patiar Deorum.

Dum longus inter sæviat Iliion
Romamque pontus, qualibet exsules
In parte regnanto beati ;
Dum Priami Paridisque busto

Insultet armentum et catulos feræ
Celent inultæ, stet Capitolium
Fulgens triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare jura Medis.

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras, qua medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Afro,
Qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus :

Aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm
Quum terra celat, spernere fortior
Quam cogere humanos in usus
Omne sacrum rapiente dextra.

“If unsubdued be left some distant bound,
Let her win this in arms, and thus obtain
Knowledge of lands where raging heat is found,
Or drenched in dew and rain.

“But fate on this condition I declare,
Lest too warm piety lead warlike Rome,
In riches over-trusting, to repair
Troy’s walls, their father’s home.

“This, Troy’s ill fortune borne on doleful wing,
With sad destruction shall again arouse,
And I will conquering armies on them bring,
I, great Jove’s sister-spouse.

“Though thrice the brazen wall they should restore
By Phoebus’ aid, thrice should my Greeks o’erthrow,
Thrice should the captive wife her sons deplore,
And husband lying low.”

These themes but little suit the playful lyre ;
Muse whither woulst thou go ? No more rebel ;
Nor to repeat the words of Gods aspire,
Nor great things meanly tell.

Quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,
Hunc tanget armis, visere gestiens,
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Qua nebulæ pluviique rores.

Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
Hac lege dico, ne nimium pii
Rebusque fidentes avitæ
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ.

Trojæ renascens alite lugubri
Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
Ducente victrices catervas
Conjuge me Jovis et sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus aëneus
Auctore Phœbo, ter pereat meis
Excisus Argivis, ter uxor
Capta virum puerosque ploret.

Non hoc jocosæ conveniet lyræ :
Quo, Musa, tendis ? Desine pervicax
Referre sermones Deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

ODE IV.—TO CALLIOPE.

Queenly Calliope! from heaven descend,
 And to the pipe pour forth a lengthened strain
 Whether your clear sweet voice shall now ascend,
 Or, midst the strings of Phœbus' lyre you reign?
 Say! do you hear? Myself I scarcely know,
 Whether some pleasing madness me deludes:
 I seem to hear—and roam where zephyrs blow,
 And gentle waters wind through sacred woods.

As on Mount Vultur's side a child I lay,
 (Apulia, my native bound, was past),
 While sleep-oppressed and wearied out with play,
 Fresh leaves on me those famous pigeons cast.
 This was a marvel great through all the land,
 To those in lofty Acherontia's nest,
 To those who dwell where Bantian forests stand,
 Or midst rich fields in low Ferentum rest.
 Thus safe from dusky vipers I might sleep,
 From bears secure, while round about me piled
 They sacred laurel-leaves and myrtle heap,
 Protected by the gods, a sturdy child.
 Ye Muses I am yours, as yours I scale
 The Sabine heights, whether Præneste cold,
 Or Tibur gently sloping to the vale,
 Or sea-side Baiæ I may dearest hold.
 On me who love your dances and fresh springs,
 Not the reverse Phillippi's battle gave,

Carmen IV.—AD CALLIOPEN.

Descende cœlo et dic age tibia
 Regina longum Calliope melos,
 Seu voee nunc mavis acuta,
 Seu fidibus citharaque Phœbi.

Auditis, an me ludit amabilis
 Insania? Audire et videor pios
 Errare per lucos, amœnæ
 Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Apulo
 Altrieis extra limen Apuliæ
 Ludo fatigatumque somno
 Fronde nova puerum palumbes

Texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
 Quieunque eelsæ nidum Acherontæ
 Saltusque Bantinos et arvum
 Pingue tenent humilis Forenti,

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
 Dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
 Lauroque collataque myrto,
 Non sine Dis animosus infans.

Vester, Camenæ, vester in arduos
 Tollor Sabinos, seu mihi, frigidum
 Præneste seu Tibur supinum
 Seu liquidæ placuere Baia.

Vestris amicum fontibus et choris,
 Non me Philippis versa acies retro,

Not that detested tree destruction brings,
Nor all the dangers of Sicilia's wave.
Whene'er with me you go with mind at ease,
I would assay Assyria's arid sands,
As sailor I would tempt tempestuous seas,
The Bosphorus, and roam to many lands.
Would see the Britons, fierce to foreign men,
Coneanians, who delight in horses blood,
Quivered Gelonians I would visit then,
And see secure the Seythian Tanais' flood.
You in your eave Pierian solae bear
To lofty Caesar, when his toils to end,
His wearied cohorts he collects with care,
And for the winter into towns doth send.
Him you alike with clemency inspire,
And then rejoice in what yourselves bestow.
We know with how just rule the only sire
Doth govern cities and the realms of woe,
And rules the solid earth and stormy sea,
The gods and every mortal doth command,
And how his down-flung thunderbolts made flee
The impious Titans and the giant band.
They, dreadful youths, presuming in their might,
Even to Jove himself great dread might bring,
These brethren dared to climb the heavenly height,
On dark Olympus Pelion strove to fling!
What could Typhœus, what bold Mimas do,
Or what Porphyryon's threatening front of scorn,
What Rhœtus or, audacious hurler too,
What Enecladus with trees uptorn
Against Minerva's ringing ægis dashed?

Devota non exstinxit arbos,
Nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

Uteunque mecum vos eritis, libens
Insauientem navita Bosporum
Tentabo et urentes arenas
Litoris Assyrii viator.

Visam Britannos hospitibus feros
Et lætum equino sanguine Cœneum
Visam pharetratos Gelonos
Et Seythieum inviolatus amnem.

Vos Cæsarem altum, militia simul
Fessas eohortes addidit oppidis,
Finire quærentem labores
Pierio reereatis antro.

Vos lene consilium et datis et dato
Gaudetis, almæ. Scimus, ut impios
Titanas immanemque turmam
Fulmine sustulerit eadueo,

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, et urbes regnaque tristia
Divosque mortalesque turbas
Imperio regit unus æquo.

Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi
Fidens juvenus horrida brachiis,
Fratresque tendentes opæo
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

Sed quid Typhœus et validus Mimas
Aut quid minæi Porphyrion statu,
Quid Rhoetus evulsisque truneis
Enecladus jaeculator audax

Contra sonantem Palladis ægida

Here matron Juno, Vulcan, warrior good,
Phœbus of Patara, of Delos, flashed,
His are the Lycian brakes, the natal wood,
In pure Castalian dew his loose hair washed,
He ever with his bow on shoulder stood.
Strength without wisdom by its own weight falls,
Power managed well the gods would still increase,
But power directed by ill counsel calls
Their powerful hatred down, and soon must cease.
To this fall'n Gyas is a witness sure,
With hundred hands, and let Orion tell,
Who strove to tempt to love Diana pure
And, conquered by the virgin's arrow, fell.
Earth grieves while on her monstrous offspring
thrown,
And for those sent to Oreus' dismal world,
Cast down by flashing thunderbolts, must groan.
Swift fire devours not Ætna on them hurled,
Nor will the vulture from the liver fly
Of lustful Tityus, but his guard remains:
Perithous, the lover, still must lie
Kept in subjection by three hundred chains.

Possent ruentes ? Hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus, hinc matrona Juno et
Nunquam humeris positurus areum,

Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos, qui Lyeiæ tenet
Dumeta natalemque silvam,
Delius et Patareus Apollo.

Vis consili expers mole ruit sua ;
Vim temperatam Dî quoque provehunt
In majus ; idem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.

Testis mearum centimanus Gyas
Sententiarum, notus et integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ,
Virginea domitus sagitta.

Injecta monstris Terra dolet suis
Mæretque partus fulmine luridum
Missos ad Orcum ; nee peredit
Impositam celer ignis Ætnam,

Incontinentis nec Tityi jceur
Reliquit ales, nequitiaë additus
Custos ; amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.

Ode v.—IN PRAISE OF AUGUSTUS: AND CELEBRATING
THE FORTITUDE OF M. ATILIUS REGULUS, AND
HIS RETURN TO CARTHAGE.

We have believed, and still believe, that Jove,
The thunder-bearer, rules in heaven above.

A present God Augustus shall be thought,
When he beneath his empire's rule hath brought
The Briton and the terror-bearing Mede.

Hath Crassus' craven soldier then agreed
To raise Augustus fame, save his own life
As the mean husband of a barbarous wife?
Shame on our Senate, and our ruined fame!
Have Marsians and Apulians grown tame
And old amongst the brothers of their wives,
Whilst under Persian rule they pass their lives;
Forgotten sacred shields, their togas, sire,
Forgotten Vesta's unextinguished fire,
And Rome secure beneath Jove's fostering care?
Foreseeing Regulus, of this aware,
Took heed, and all conditions foul refused,
Lest to ill ends the example should be used,
If the unpitied captives were not slain.

"The Punic temples there I saw contain
"Our standards," he exclaimed, "I saw with scorn
"Arms from the unresisting soldiers torn;
"And free-born citizens beheld with hands
"Bound on their backs. See now wide open stands

Carmen v.—IN LAUDEM CÆSARIS AUGUSTI.

Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem
 Regnare : præsens divus habebitur
 Augustus adjectis Britannis
 Imperio gravibusque Persis.

Milesne Crassi conjuge barbara
 Turpis maritus vixit? Et hostium,
 Pro curia inversique mores!
 Consenuit socerorum in armis

Sub rege Medo Marsus et Apulus.
 Anciliorum et nominis et togæ
 Oblitus æternæque Vestæ,
 Incolumi Jove et urbe Roma?

Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli
 Dissidentis conditionibus
 Fœdis et exemplo trahentis
 Perniciem veniens in ævum,

Si non periret immiserabilis
 Captiva pubes. "Signa ego Punicis
 Adfixa delubris et arma
 Militibus sine cæde," dixit,

"Derepta vidi, vidi ego civium
 Retorta tergo brachia libero,
 Portasque non clausas et arva
 Marte coli populato nostro.

Auro repensus scilicet acrior
 Miles redibit? Flagitio additis
 Damnum : neque amissos colores

"The enemy's gate, see now our soldiers haste
 "To help to plough the fields themselves laid waste!
 "Will soldiers freed by gold more fiercely fight?
 "You add but loss to crime; its spotless white
 "Wool by the aid of dyes regains no more,
 "And tarnished honour cowards ne'er restore.
 "Did hinds give battle when from close nets freed,
 "Who trust false foes might then be bold indeed,
 "These, dreading death, with arms so meekly bound,
 "Might Carthage in another war confound.
 "But knowing not the way to save their life,
 "They mingled in confusion peace with strife.
 "O shame! O mighty Carthage greater grown
 "By Italy in foul defeat o'erthrown!"

'Tis said he then refused his chaste wife's kiss.

Repulsed his little sons as none of his;
 No longer free, he deemed he lived no more;
 Sternly he fixed his gaze upon the floor:
 Then with advice never bestowed before,
 Confirmed each senator's uncertain mind.
 To exile nobly he himself resigned,
 Whilst friends around him wept; he knew and dared
 The barbarous tortures which his foes prepared;
 Then through opposing relatives he passed,
 And friends who strove to keep him to the last:
 Just as the advocate, adjudged the cause,
 Far from his client's tedious suit withdraws,
 To fair Venafrum's plain pursues his way,
 Or Lacedæmon's own Tarentum gay.

Lana refert medicata fuco,
Nec vera virtus, quum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.

Si pugnat extricata densis
Cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,

Qui perfidis se credidit hostibus,
Et Marte Pœnos proteret altero,
Qui lora restrictis lacertis
Sensit iners timuitque mortem.

Hic, unde vitam sumeret, inscius
Pacem duello miscuit. O pudor!

O magna Carthago, probrosis
"Altior Italiæ ruinis!"

Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum
Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab se removisse et virilem
Torvus humi posuisse vultum:

Donec labantes consilio patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato,
Interque mærentes amicos
Egregius properaret exsul.

Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
Tortor pararet; non aliter tamen
Dimovit obstantes propinquos
Et populum reditus morantem,

Quam si clientum longa negotia
Dijudicata lite relinqueret,
Tendens Venafruos in agros
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

Ode VI.—TO THE ROMANS.

HE INVEIGHS AGAINST THE CORRUPT MANNERS OF THE AGE.

Romans, ye now must undeserving bear
 The punishment your fathers' crimes provoke,
 Until the ruined temples ye repair,
 Shrines of the gods, and statues black with smoke.
 Ye rule the world because ye bow to Heaven;
 Thence be your actions ended, thence begun;
 The gods to grieving Italy have given
 Much ill, because our sons their altars shun.
 Twice have Monæses' arms and Pacorus
 Repulsed attacks no augury advised;
 Their soldiers bright in booty won from us,
 Beyond their little torques our spoils have prized.
 Æthiop and Dacian, too, in arms compete
 To take our city, with sedition filled,
 One chiefly dreaded for his powerful fleet
 The other most in missile arrows skilled.
 Fertile in crime this age dishonour flung
 Upon our marriages, our homes, our race;
 Our evils from this vicious fountain sprung,
 Soon must our people and our land embrace.
 The marriageable virgin gladly learns
 Ionian dances and seductive wiles,
 Unlawful passion now within her burns,
 Which e'en her childhood's innocence defiles.
 Ere long she young adulterers will find,

Carmen VI.—AD ROMANOS.

Delicta majorum immeritus lucis,
 Romane, donec templa refeceris
 Ædesque labentes Deorum et
 Fœda nigro simulaera fumo.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas :
 Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
 Di multa neglecti dederunt
 Hesperiaë mala luctuosæ.

Jam bis Monæses et Pacori manus
 Non auspiciatos contudit impetus
 Nostros et adjecisse prædam
 Torquibus exiguis renidet.

Pæne occupatam seditionibus
 Delevit urbem Dacus et Æthiops ;
 Hic classe formidatus, ille
 Missilibus melior sagittis.

Fecunda culpæ secula nuptias
 Primum inquinavere et genus et domos ;
 Hoc fonte derivata elades
 In patriam populumque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
 Matura virgo et fingitur artibus.
 Jam nunc et incestos amores
 De tenero meditatur ungui :

Mox juniores quærit adulteros
 Inter mariti vina neque eligit,
 Cui donet impermissa raptim
 Gaudia luminibus remotis.

Even amidst her husband's revels sought,
Careless for whom the favour is designed,
To taste the lawless joy in darkness brought :
But, called, she leaves her conscious husband's side,
A factor seeks her, or a captain gay
Of Spanish vessels, who in wealthy pride
With precious gifts the shameless love will pay.
No youth who sprang from parents such as these
Mighty Antiochus or Pyrrhus slew,
Or stained with blood the Carthaginian seas,
Or could the cruel Hannibal subdue.
They sturdy sons of rustic soldiers were,
Well skilled to turn the glebe with Sabine spade ;
And at a mother's harsh command would bear
The cloven logs, when came the evening shade
Which on the darkening hills the sun had cast,
Laying the yokes of wearied oxen by,
Bringing the pleasant hour when work is past
While glides his parting chariot down the sky.
What is there greedy Time will not decay ?
Worse than their ancestors, our parents then
Bore us, their sons, a race still worse than they,
In turn to bring forth yet more wicked men.

Sed jussa coram non sine conscio
Surgit marito, seu vocat institor
Seu navis Hispanæ magister,
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,
Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum ;

Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas et severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos

Portare fustes, sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras et juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies ?
Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.

Ode VII.—To ASTERIE.

Why do you weep, Asterie, him so true,
 Whom Spring's kind breezes shall bring back to you,
 Your Gyges, rich in Thynian merchandise?
 Perhaps when the Goat's mad star has risen he flies
 To Oricus, by south winds driven, and bears
 Cold sleepless nights, bedewed with many tears.
 To him the anxious hostess' messenger
 Tells him how Chloë doth his love prefer;
 Says that she wretched now with your fire burns,
 And skilful seeks his love by various turns:
 Of Prætus credulous will then relate,
 Whose faithless wife in disappointment's hate
 By false suggested crimes had led him on
 To slay his guest, too chaste Bellerophon.
 How Pelæus down to Hades all-but sped,
 Whilst he, Hyppolite the Thracian fled,
 Guileful she will not from one tale refrain
 Which teaches sin; but all her arts are vain.
 More senseless than thy rocks, Icarian sea!
 He hears her words, but uncorrupt is he.
 You of your neighbour, I beseech, beware,
 Enipeus, lest too much your love he share:
 Tho' in the Campus Martius none like him
 Can ride, none swifter in the Tiber swim.
 When night approaches, you your house should close,
 Nor looking down the street your face expose
 At sound of plaintive pipe; unmoved remain,
 Let him oft call you cruel, all in vain.

Carmen VII.—AD ASTERIEN AMICI SUI CONJUGEM.

Quid flos, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
 Primæo restituent vere Favonii
 Thyna merce beatum,
 Constantis juvenem fide,

Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum
 Post insana Capræ sidera frigidas
 Noctes non sine multis
 Insomnis lacrimis agit.

Atqui sollicitæ nuntius hospita,
 Suspirare Chloën et miseram tuis
 Dicens ignibus uri,
 Tentat mille vafer modis.

Ut Præetum mulier perfida credulum
 Falsis impulerit criminibus nimis
 Casto Bellerophonti
 Maturare necem refert.

Narrat pæne datum Pelea Tartaro,
 Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstineus;
 Et peccare docentes
 Fallax historias movet.

Frustra: nam scopulis surdior Ieari
 Voces audit adhuc integer. At tibi
 Ne vicinus Enipeus
 Plus justo placeat, cave;

Quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
 Æquo conspicitur gramine Martio,
 Nec quisquam citus æque
 Tusco denatat alveo.

Prima nocte domum claude neque in vias
 Sub cantu querulae despice tibiæ,
 Et te saepe vocanti
 Duram difficilis mane.

ODE VIII.—TO MÆCENAS.

Learned Mæcenas, who as well
In Greek as Latin lore excel,
You marvel what a bachelor
Should keep the Martian ealends for.
How can there be for flowers pretence,
And how for pots of frankineense ?
Why should I living turf require
To raise an altar for my fire ?
A white goat I to Bæchus vow,
And feasts of richest savour now,
Of that escape bethinking me,
From fatal stroke of falling tree.
The year rolls round ; this festal day
The pitch-sealed cork shall rend away
From jar which years of smoke begrime
Since Consul Tullus' olden time.
For safety of your friend again
A hundred cups, Mæcenas, drain,
Let lasting lamps watch on till day
All noise and strife be far away.
Lay then aside your cares of state :
See Cotiso the Dacian's fate,
His slaughtered troops our power have felt,
The Mede his own death wound hath dealt ;
Cantabrians in furthest Spain,
Old foes, at length must wear our chain ;

Carmen VIII.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Martiis cælebs quid agam Calendis,
Quid velint flores et acerra thuris
Plena, miraris, positusque carbo in
 Cespite vivo,

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ :
Voveram dulces epulas et album
Libero caprum prope funeratus
 Arboris ictu.

Hic dies anno redcunte festus
Corticem adstrictum picæ dimovebit
Amphoræ fumum bibere institutæ
 Consule Tullo.

Sume Mæcenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum et vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem ; procul omnis esto
 Clamor et ira.

Mitte civiles super urbe curas :
Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen,
Medus infestus sibi luctuosis
 Dissidet armis,

Servit Hispanæ vetus hostis oræ
Cantaber sera domitus catena,
Jam Scythæ laxo meditantur arcu
 Cedere campis.

And now the savage Scythians yield,
Unbend the bow and quit the field.
Cease, like a private man, to care,
Just now, what ills the Romans bear.
Snatch joy, which from the present springs,
And lay aside all serious things.

Neglegens, ne qua populus laboret,
Parce privatus nimium cavere ;
Dona præsentis cape lætus horæ et
Linque severa.

ODE IX.—THE RECONCILIATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

HOR.—When I from you a welcome found,
 Nor any dearer youth might fling
 His arms your snowy neck around,
 I lived more blest than Persia's king.

LYD.—Whilst you no other flame confest,
 Nor Lydia after Chloë came,
 I then could well contented rest
 With more than Roman Ilia's fame.

HOR.—To Cretan Chloë now I bend,
 Nor fear for her my life to give,
 (Who harp and verse can sweetly blend)
 If only she might longer live.

LYD.—I, with a mutual flame, the son
 Of Thracian Ornytus desire ;
 Could Calais from death be won
 I for my boy would twice expire.

HOR.—What if our former love awake,
 Bound in the brazen bonds of yore ?
 If fair-haired Chloë I forsake,
 And Lydia find an open door ?

LYD.—Tho' he be fairer than a star,
 Beyond the cork your levity,
 Your temper worse than Adria far,
 With you I'd live, with you I'd die.

Carmen IX.—CARMEN AMŒBŒUM.

HOR.—Donce gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
 Cervici juvenis dabat,
 Persarum vigui rege beatior.

LYD.—Donec non alia magis
 Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romana vigui clarior Iliæ.

HOR.—Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
 Dulces docta modos et citlaræ sciens,
 Pro qua non metuum mori,
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

LYD.—Me torret face mutua
 Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
 Pro quo bis patiar mori,
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HOR.—Quid, si prisca redit Venus
 Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo?
 Si flava excutitur Chloë,
 Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYD.—Quamquam sidere pulchrior
 Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
 Iracundior Hadria,
 Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Ode x.

O! Lyce, should you drink of that far stream
The Tanais, wedded to a savage mate,
I yet believe that you would cruel deem
That I should lie exposed before your gate
To North winds there; and would deplore my fate.

D'yc hark how doors bang, and the groves which rise
'Mid splendid roofs are groaning in the wind,
How snow lies erisping under frosty skies?
Quit pride which we to Venus hateful find
Lest Fortune's rolling wheel leave you behind.

No Tyrrhene parent was the sire of you,
Stern as Penelope to lovers' will,
Whom gifts nor prayers nor pallid cheeks subdue;
Tho' some Pierian harlot's love may fill
Your husband's mind, you can be faithful still.

But of your suppliant some pity take,
Tho' now unbending as the sturdy oak
And cruel as the Mauritanian snake:
My sides which rains upon your threshold soak
Will not for ever bear such cruel stroke.

Carmen x.—AD LYCEN.

Extremum Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
 Sævo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
 Porrectum ante fores objicere incolis
 Plorares Aquilonibus.

Audis quo strepitu janua, quo nemus
 Inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
 Ventis, et positas ut glæiet nives
 Puro numine Jupiter ?

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
 Ne currente retro funis eat rota.
 Non te Penelopen difficilem procis
 Tyrrenus genuit parens.

O quamvis neque te munera nee preces
 Nec tinctus viola pallor amantium
 Nec vir Pieria pellicæ saucius
 Curvat, supplicibus tuis

Pareas, nee rigida mollior æseulo
 Nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus.
 Non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquæ
 Cœlestis patiens latus.

Carmen XI.—AD MERCURIUM.

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo,
Tuque testudo resonare septem
 Callida nervis,

Nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
Divitum mensis et amica templis
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
 Applicet aures,

Quæ velut latis equa trima campis
Ludit exultim metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers et adhuc protervo
 Cruda marito.

Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
Ducere et rivos celeres morari ;
Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
 Janitor aulæ,

Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus atque
Spiritus teter saniesque manet
 Ore trilingui.

Quin et Ixion Tityosque vultu
Risit invito, stetit urna paullum
Sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
 Carmine mulces.

The virgins' crime and well-known punishment
Lyde should hear; of that vain empty vase
Whose waters ever run from gaping rent ;
A crime which draws

Such grievous doom when they must Orcus gain ;
These impious (for could greater crime succeed ?)
With husband's blood their cruel weapons stain ;
Impious indeed !

One worthy of the marriage torch was true,
Tho' nobly false to her own perjured sire,
A famous virgin whom, with reverence due,
Ages admire.

She to her youthful husband cried Arise !
Lest endless sleep on you secure shall fall,
Fly from my father's, sisters', cruelties,
Escape them all !

For they alas ! like lionesses, wound
Those whom they now have taken as their prey ;
But I, more kind, here would not hold thee bound,
Thee would not slay.

Me let my father load with heavy chains
Because my wretched husband's life I save,
Or send me to the far Numidian plains
Across the wave.

Now, fast as gales or feet can bear thee go,
Whilst Venus favours and the night's dark gloom ;
Good luck go with thee ; this strange tale of woe
Grave on my tomb.

Audiat Lyde seelus atque notas
 Virginum pœnas et inane lymphæ
 Dolium fundo pereuntis imo
 Seraque fata,

Quæ manent culpas etiam sub Oreo.
 Impiæ,—nam quid potuere majus?—
 Impiæ sponsos potuere duro
 Perdero ferro.

Una de multis face nuptiali
 Digna perjurum fuit in parentem
 Splendide mendax et in omne virgo
 Nobilis ævum,

“ Surge,” quæ dixit juveni marito,
 “ Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, undo
 Non times, detur: socerum et scelestas
 Falle sorores,

Quæ velut naetæ vitulos lænæ
 Singulos eheu laecerant: ego illis
 Mollior nec te feriam neque intra
 Claustra tenebo.

Mo pater sævis oneret eatenis,
 Quod viro elemens misero peperei;
 Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
 Classe releget.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt et auræ,
 Dum favet nox et Venus, i secundo
 Omine et nostri memorem sepulchro
 Scalpe querelam.”

Ode XII.—TO NEOBULE.

Poor Maidens to whom sportive love is denied,
With sorrows unsoothed by the pleasures of wine,
By an uncle's harsh scoldings who nearly have died!
You now Neobule no longer incline
To your spindle, or thread, or your once busy loom,
Cytherea's winged urchin has ended your toil,
And the brightness of Hœbrus of Lipara's bloom,
After laving in Tiber his arms smeared with oil.
Bellerophon never rode better than he,
Unmatched at the cæstus, and first in the race,
Well skilled with his dart to pierce stags as they flee,
And swift the wild boar in the thicket to trace.

Carmen XII.—AD NEOBULEN.

Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci
Mala vino lavere aut exanimari metuentes
Patruæ verbera linguæ.

Tibi qualum Cythereæ puer ales, tibi telas
Operosæquo Minervæ studium aufert, Neobule,
Liparæi nitor Hebri,

Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis,
Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
Neque segni pede victus ;

Catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato
Grege cervos jaulari et eeler alto latitantem
Fruticeto excipere aprum.

Ode XIII.—TO THE BLANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

Blandusian fount! Than glass more brightly clear,
Sweet wine and flowers may fitly you adorn,
A kid to-morrow we will give you here
Whose swelling front proclaims the springing horn,
And calls to love and battles: but in vain:
This offspring of the wanton herd must die,
And his red blood your icy stream must stain.
You never felt the raging Dogstar nigh:
Your pleasant coolness to the bull you give,
Galled by the plough, and to the wandering flock.
With famous fountains, too, your name shall live,
While I sing of you and your hollow rock
Where grows the ilex, bending o'er the steep
From whence your ever murmuring waters leap.

Carmen XIII.—AD FONTEM BANDUSLÆ.

O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis hædo,
Cui frons turgida cornibus

Primis et Vencrem et prælia destinat.
Frustra : nam gelidos inficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine rivos
Lascivi suboles gregis.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
Nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes et pecori vago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.

Ode XIV.—THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

Romans! Like Hercules with conquest crowned,

Caesar returns from Spain

To home and household gods again,

Who late we thought would laurel'd death obtain.

Rejoiced her own sole husband to have found

Now will his wife present an offering rare

To the just gods with glee;

The noble leader's sisters see,

And suppliants garland-crowned decorously;

The mothers of saved youths and maidens there!

Let boys and newly-wedded matrons spare

Ill omen'd speech to day;

For me, this feast will drive black care away,

And fears of broils and violent death will stay,

Now that our lands are under Caesar's care.

Go boy, seek garlands and the scented oil;

The amphora which bore

A witness to the Marsian war,

If one from Spartacus of all the store

Eseaped that robber wandering for spoil.

Carmen XIV.—AD POPULUM ROMANUM.

Herculis ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
Morte venalem petiisse laurum
Cæsar Hispana repetit penates
Victor ab ora.

Unico gaudens mulier marito
Prodeat, justis operata sacris,
Et soror clari ducis et decoræ
Supplice vitta

Virginum matres juvenumque nuper
Sospitum. Vos, o pueri, et puellæ
Jam virum expertæ, male ominatis
Parecite verbis.

Hic dies vere mihi festus atras
Eximet curas : ego nec tumultum
Nec mori per viam metuam tencto
Cæsare terras.

I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas
Et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa.

Bid too, Neæra, her myrrh-dropping hair
 To bind in comely way,
 She with the voice of mighty sway ;
But if her jealous porter make you stay
Then leave her door and here again repair.

Our whitening hair doubtless must warmth abate
 Of minds too prone
 All froward strife to make their own ;
But never unavenged such deed was known
In our hot youth in Plancus' consulate.

Dic et argutæ properet Næaræ
Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem ;
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium et rixæ cupidus protervæ ;
Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juvena
Consule Planco.

Ode XV.—TO CHLORIS.

Wife of the pauper Ibicus!
At length a limit to your riot place
And doings too well known to us;
Ripe for the grave, better that path to trace
Than midst the maids to wanton thus
And blot these pure white stars with your disgrace.

This which is fit for Pholoe
Suits you no more; your daughter 'twill become,
Her playful as a kid we see,
Such love of Nothus her's, so great the sum,
She forcing young men's doors may be,
Like Bacchus' priestess stirred by beaten drum.

For you to spin the wool 'tis meet
Of flocks upon the noble pastures found
Of fair Luceria; you to greet
Ne'er should red roses blow or soft harps sound;
It is not an old woman's feat
To drain the cask's last dregs in drinking round.

Carmen XV.—IN CHLORIN,

Uxor pauperis Ibyci,
Tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae
Famosisque laboribus :
Mature propior desine funeri
Inter ludere virgines
Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non si quid Pholoën satis
Et te, Chlora, decet : filia rectius
Expugnat juvenum domos,
Pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.
Illam cogit amor Nothi
Lascivæ similem ludere capreae ;
Te lanæ prope nobilem
Tonsæ Luceriam, non citharæ, decent
Nec flos purpureus rosæ
Nec poti vetulam fæce tenus cadi.

Ode XVI.—TO MÆCENAS.

A brazen tower, strong doors, the mournful howl
Of watch-dogs might have kept from contact foul,
Of night intriguers prisoned Danae,
If Jove and Venus had not laughed to see
Timid Acrisius there the maiden hold ;
For when a God himself is turned to gold
Open and safe his path ; through strong array
Of guards still gold delights to force his way ;
Stronger than lightnings' stroke stone walls to break :
Fell the Greek augur's house for lucre's sake ;
Philip by gifts could gates of cities rend,
And bring all rival kingdoms to an end ;
Gifts too, can mighty chiefs of ships ensnare :
As wealth increases so increases care,
And greed of more. Mæcenas ! knighthood's pride !
I ever rightly lofty rank decried.
As much as each man shall himself deny,
With so much more the Gods will him supply.
Tho' poor, I seek their camp who nought desire,
And gladly from the rich men's ranks retire.
Lord of some wealth despised, I brighter shine
Than if I called Apulia's harvests mine :
Could I that grain within my garners store
I might, 'midst riches, yet be reckoned poor.
A limpid stream, some acres clothed with wood,
And crops which ever show a promise good,

Carmen XVI.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Inclusam Danaën turris aënea
 Robustæque fores et vigillum canum
 Tristes excubiæ munierant satis
 Nocturnis ab adulteris,
 Si non Acrisium virginis abditæ
 Custodem pavidum Jupiter et Venus
 Risissent : fore enim tutum iter et patens
 Converso in pretium Deo.
 Aurum per medios ire satellites
 Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
 Ictu fulmineo : concidit auguris
 Argivi domus ob lucrum
 Demersa exitio, diffidit urbium
 Portas vir Macedo ot subruit æmulos
 Reges muneribus ; munera navium
 Sævos illaqueant duces.
 Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
 Majorumque fames. Jure perhorru
 Late conspicuum tollere verticem,
 Mæcenas, equitum decus.
 Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
 A Dīs plura feret : nil cupientium
 Nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum
 Partes linquere gestio,
 Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei,
 Quam si quidquid arat impiger Apulus
 Occultare meis dicceret horreis,
 Magnas inter opes inops.
 Puræ rivus aquæ silvaque jugerum

From these more happiness the owner gains
Than he who rules o'er Afric's fertile plains.
Calabria's bees no honey bring from far,
No wine grows old in Læstrygonian jar
For me ; no fleeces rich in Gallia grow,
And yet no anxious poverty I know ;
And if I wanted more, you more would give ;
Desiring little, I could better live,
And little tribute pay, than should I own
The realm of Phrygia joined to Lydia's throne.
Who seek much need much ; well it is for those
On whom Jove's sparing hand *enough* bestows.

Paucorum et segetis certa fides meæ
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
Fallit sorte beatior.

Quamquam nec Calabrae mella ferunt apes
Nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi nec pingua Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis,

Importuna tamen pauperies abest,
Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam,

Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
Campis continuem. Multa potentibus
Desunt multa: bene est, cui Deus obtulit
Parca, quod satis est, manu.

Ode xvii.—To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Ælius! of Lamus' ancient line,
So noble in that long descent,
Still bright the Lamian honors shine
Your name and race with Lamus blent.

Your origin from him you gained
Who built, 'tis said, the Formian walls,
Who o'er Marica widely reigned,
About whose limits Liris falls.

To-morrow the fierce Eastern blast
The woodland leaves will earthward throw,
On shore the idle sea-weed cast,
Or false that old foreboding crow.

Heap while you can dry logs to-day.
With servants all in careless ease,
The two-months' pig to-morrow slay,
And then with wine your Genius please.

Carmen XVII.—AD ÆLIUM LAMIAM.

Æli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,—
 Quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
 Denominatos et nepotum
 Per memores genus omne fastos

Auctore ab illo ducit originem,
 Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur
 Princeps et innantem Maricæ
 Litoribus tenuisse Lirim

Late tyrannus :—eras foliis nemus
 Multis et alga litus inutili
 Demissa tempestas ab Euro
 Sternet, aquæ nisi fallit augur

Annosa cornix. Dum potis, aridum
 Compone lignum : eras Genium mero
 Curabis et porco bimestri
 Cum famulis operum solutis.

Ode XVIII.—TO FAUNUS.

Faunus, fond lover of the Nymphs, swift flying,
Kindly advance into my sunny glade,
And through my bounds; nor when you go denying
My lambs propitious aid;

If dies the tender kid, the year complete,
If Venus' mighty cups pour out their wine
To friends, and without stint sweet odours greet
Thee at thine ancient shrine.

All cattle sport upon the grassy plain,
When the December nones to thee shall fall,
The festal town makes holiday again
With oxen, idle all.

The wolf, 'midst lambs unfearing, roams around,
The wild wood sheds abroad its leaves for thee,
The digger three times on the hated ground
Stamps in his vacant glee.

Carmen XVIII.—AD FAUNUM.

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
Per meos fines et aprica rura
Lenis ineedas abeasque parvis
Æquus alumnis,

Si tener pleno cadit hœdus anno,
Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
Vina crateræ, vetus ara multo
Fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
Quum tibi Nonæ redeunt Decembres ;
Festus in pratis vacat otioso
Cum bove pagus :

Inter audaces lupus errat agnos ;
Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes ;
Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram.

ODE XIX.—TO TELEPHUS.

You tell how far from Inachus
Was Codrus, for his land who dared to die,
And of the race of Ææacus,
And then of sacred Ilium's battle-cry.

But from your lips we ne'er shall learn
The cost of Chian cask ; or where the feast ;

Whose fires to heat the bath shall burn,
And I from cold Pelignian be released.

Now fit cups for the new moon bring,
For midnight, or Muræna's augur-cheer ;

Quick, boy, benignly let them ring
With three or nine full brimming goblets here.

Who the odd-numbered Muses loves,
The wildered Poet, asks for goblets nine ;

A Grace, with sisters nude, removes
These all but three lest they to strife incline.

Now will we revel. Why expire
The breathing sounds of Berecynthian flute ?

I hate right hands which quickly tire ;
Why hang the harp and pipe untouched and mute ?

Caumen XIX.—AD TELEPHUM.

Quantum distet ab Inacho
 Codrus pro patria non timidus mori,
 Narras et genus Æaci,
 Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio :
 Quo Chium pretio cadum
 Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus
 Quo præbente domum et quota
 Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
 Da lunæ propere novæ,
 Da noctis mediæ, da, puer, auguris
 Murenæ : tribus aut novem
 Miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.
 Qui Musas amat impares,
 Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
 Vates ; tres prohibet supra
 Rixarum metuens tangere Gratia
 Nudis juncta sororibus.
 Insanire juvat : cur Berecynthiæ
 Cessant flamina tibiæ ?
 Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra ?

Fling roses round. Our mad uproar
Let envious Lycus hear, and that fair dame
For Lycus fitted none the more,
Tho' she so young the old man's wife became.

Chloe with ripened charms seeks thee,
Ah! Telephus with bright abundant hair,
Whom like clear vesper's star we see:—
I slowly burn for Glycera the fair.

Parentes ego dexteras
Odi : sparge rosas ; audiat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lyeus
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyeo.

Spissa te nitidum coma,
Puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero,
Tempeſtiva petit Rhode :
Me lentus Glyceræ torret amor meæ.

Ode xx.—To PYRRHUS.

Do you not see your danger is no less
Than if from a Getulian lioness
You tore her whelps? You, spoiler! soon must fly
From battles raging high.

When running through the youths' opposing crowd,
She seeks Nearehus, with all charms endowed,
Great strife must rise, whether you victor may,
Or she, secure the prey.

Whilst you your arrows shoot with swiftest skill,
Her formidable teeth are gleaming still:
'Tis said beneath his naked feet put he
The palm of victory,

He, umpire, let the gently blowing air
Fan odorous tresses spread on shoulders fair;
Like Nireus, or him borne on eagle's wings,
From Ida full of springs.

Carmen XX.—AD PYRRHUM.

Non vides, quanto moveas periclo,
Pyrrhe, Gætulæ catulos lænæ ?
Dura post paullo fugies inaudax
Prælia raptor.

Quum per obstantes juvenum catervas
Ibit insignem repetens Nearchum,
Grande certamen, tibi præda cedat,
Major an illi.

Interim, dum tu celeres sagittas
Promis, hæc dentes acuit timendos,
Arbiter pugnæ posuisse nudo
Sub pede palmam

Fertur et leni recreare vento
Sparsum odoratis humerum capillis,
Qualis aut Nireus fuit aut aquosa
Raptus ab Ida.

Ode XXI.—TO AN AMPHORA.

Worthy wine-jar in Manlius' consulate filled
In the year I was born, from your garner descend ;
Whether quarrels or mad love arise when you're
 spilled,
Or you bring strife or jokes, or an easy sleep send ;
You store choicest Massic, whatever the name,
And worthy to flow on a feast day like this,
Pour your wine forth whose ardour by age is grown
 tame,
Obey your Corvinus, the order is his.
And ho tho' with wisdom Socratic imbued
Will never morosely neglect you I know,
For old-fashioned Cato who virtue pursued,
 Often felt as they tell us wine's exquisite glow.
Rough tempers you soften, and gently compel
 To be smooth ; and, through merry Lyæus, the care
Of the wise is dispersed ; every secret you tell,
 Hope and strength by your aid to the anxious
 repair.
To the poor man who tastes you the courage is
 strong,
King's tiaras he dreads not, nor soldiers alarm ;
You Venus, if pleased sho appear, will prolong,
And Bacchus and Graces with arm twined in arm.
Living lamps to our revel shall lend us their light
Till Phœbus returning, the stars put to flight.

Carmen XXI.—AD AMPHORAM.

O Nata mecum consule Manlio,
Sen tu querclas sive geris jocos
Seu rixam et insanos amores
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum ;

Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die,
Descende Corvino jubente
Promere languidiora vina.

Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negleget horridus :
Narratur et prisce Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro ; tu sapientium
Cnras et arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyæo ;

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis
Viresque et addis cornua pauperi
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices neque militum arma.

Te Liber, et si læta aderit, Venus,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia,
Vivæque producent lucernæ,
Dum rediens fugat astra Phœbus.

Ode XXII.—TO DIANA.

O! Virgin guardian of the woods and hills,
 Hearing the youthful mothers' cries of pain,
 And saving them from death, when thrice they call,
 Goddess of triple form!

To thee the pine my house o'er shadowing
 I consecrate, on which, as each year ends,
 Blood of a boar, that aims the sidelong wound,
 I joyfully will cast.

 ANOTHER TRANSLATION.—TO DIANA.

Virgin of the triple form
 Guardian of the woods and hills,
 Thrice invoked, thou wilt perform
 All the youthful mother wills,
 Hear her cry, and safety bring.

To thee the pine o'ershadowing
 My house I consecrate, and now,
 At each year's end, I gladly vow
 To sprinkle it with blood of boar,
 Which sidelong aims the bark to gore.

Carmen XXII.—AD DIANAM.

Montium custos nemorumque, Virgo,
Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis adimisque leto,
 Diva triformis,

Imminens villæ tua pinus esto,
Quam per exactos ego lætus annos
Verris obliquum meditantis ictum
 Sanguine donem.

ODE XXIII.—TO PHIDYLE.

If you to Heaven your palms have spread,
 When first the new moon shines,
 And pleased your rural gods with this year's wines,
 Whilst frankincense its odours shed,
 And the greedy sow hath bled
 My rustie Phidyle !
 Your fertile vines exempt will be
 From Afric's baneful wind,
 Your corn no blight shall find,
 Your darling lambs shall no bad weather fear,
 When Autumn's fruits appear.
 The victim vowed on Algidus snow-crowned,
 Fed amidst groves of ilex and of oak ;
 Or perhaps on Mount Albanus' pastures found,
 With blood from his neck's wound,
 Will stain the high priest's knife which deals the
 stroke.

But you have little need
 To make sheep largely bleed
 For your Penates, crowned by you
 With rosemary and tender myrtle due.

For if with innocent hand you seize
 The altar, you, the household gods offended,
 With sacred cake shall better please,
 Than if some costly victim's life had ended.

Carmen XXIII.—AD PHIDYLEN.

Cœlo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle,
Si thure placaris et horna
Frugè Lares avidaque porca,
Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fœcunda vitis nec sterilem seges
Robiginem aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.
Nam quæ nivali pascitur Alcido
Devota quereus inter et ilices
Aut ereseit Albanis in herbis
Victima pontificum securis
Cervice tinget : te nihil attinet
Tentare multa cæde bidentium
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore Deos fragilique myrto.
Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit avorsos Penates
Farre pio et saliente mica.

Ode XXIV.—TO THE COVETOUS.

Though you fill all the shore
 Both of the Tyrrhene and Apulian sea
 With structures ; though your treasures more
 Than those of untouched Araby may be,
 Or India's wealthy store,

Yet once if cruel Fate
 Her adamantine spikes drive fixedly
 Into your lofty towers, not all your state
 The terrors of your mind can cause to fly,
 Death's toils must on you wait,

The Scythians happier are
 Whose wandering homes on rolling wains are borne,
 Or Getæ rude, whose acres far
 Spreading unmeasured bear their fruit and corn,
 Where the warm summer star

But once their culture sees,
 Another then succeeds with equal lot ;
 And here the guiltless wife agrees
 To love step-sons who mother's love have not ;
 And here no rich wives please

Thralls of their mates to make,
 Nor listen what the smart adulterers say :
 Their parents' worth for dower they take,
 And theirs is chastity which dreads alway
 Her faithful pact to break :

Carmen XXIV.—IN AVAROS.

Intactis opulentior

Thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiæ,
Cæmentis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum,

Si figit adamantinos

Summis verticibus dira necessitas
Clavos, non animum metu,
Non mortis laqueis expedics caput.

Campestres melius Scythæ,

Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
Vivunt, et rigidi Getæ,
Immetata quibus jugera liberas

Fruges et Cererem ferunt,

Nec cultura placet longior annua,
Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.

Illic matre carentibus

Privignis mulier temperat innocens,
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux nec nitido fidit adultero.

Dos est magna parentium

Virtus et metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere castitas,
Et peccare nefas aut protium est mori.

Death is the price of sin.
 Ho who would have on statues graved this name,
 "His Country's Father," and would win
 To all posterity a spotless fame,
 Must boldly then rein in

The license of the State,
 If he to murders foul would put an end.
 Sometimes, Alas! The sin how great!
 To virtue seen no more we praises lend
 Which we when present hate.

How deeply we complain
 If punishment shall not the crime subdue,
 But without morals laws are vain;
 Vain while the merchant shall his trade pursue
 To lands where summers reign,
 'Prisoned in fiery glow,
 Or where the farthest northern coast appears
 Deep covered with its frozen snow;
 Vain while through dreadful seas the sailor steers
 With his triumphant prow.

Disgraceful poverty
 Commands us what to do, what griefs to share,
 And virtue's arduous path will flee:
 Up to the Capitol now let us bear
 (Where clamorous crowds agree

Their favour to bestow)
 The gems and shining jewels which we prize,
 Or all into the next sea throw,
 With useless gold whence chiefly evils rise.
 If true repentance grow

O quisquis volet impias
 Cædes et rabiem tollere civicam,
 Si quæret "Pater Urbium"
 Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat

Refrenare licentiam,
 Clarus postgenitis: quatenus—heu nefas!
 Virtutem incolumem odimus,
 Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

Quid tristes querimoniæ,
 Si non supplicio culpa reciditur;
 Quid leges sine moribus
 Vanæ proficiunt, si neque fervidis

Pars inclusa caloribus
 Mundi nec Boreæ finitimum latus
 Duratæque solo nives
 Mercatorem abigunt, horrida callidi

Vincunt æquora navitæ;
 Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
 Quidvis et facere et pati,
 Virtutisque viam deserit arduæ.

Vel nos in Capitolium,
 Quo clamor vocat et turba faventium,
 Vel nos in mare proximum
 Gemmas et lapides, aurum et inutile,

Summi materiem mali,
 Mittamus, scelerum si bene poenitet.
 Eradenda cupidinis
 Pravi sunt elementa et teneræ nimis

We must eradicate
The very elements of evil greed,
And for the minds too enervate
More rough and painful studies shall succeed.
No more their wont of late,

Our noble youth forget
A horse to sit and are to hunt afraid,
They roll the Grecian circle yet
Or with forbidden dice the laws evade.
See perjured fathers set

Their partners to deceive,
Their very guests; if to their worthless heir
They thus may heaps of money leave,
Yet still for something which is absent there
'Midst all their wealth they grieve.

Mentes asperioribus
Formandæ studiis. Nescit equo rudis
Hæerere ingenuus puer
Venarique timet, ludere doctior,

Seu Græco jubeas trocho
Seu malis vetita legibus alea,
Quum perjura patris fides
Consortem socium fallat et hospitem

Indignoque pecuniam
Herediti properet. Scilicet improbæ
Crescunt divitiæ ; tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

Ode xxv.—To BACCHUS.

Where Bacchus do you hurry me
 Filled with your divinity ?
 In groves or caves for my rapt mind,
 Swift borne, what refuge find
 Where I retired may meditate
 Of Cæsar ever great—
 Place him amidst Jove's council high,
 And raise him to the sky ?
 I all his glories will unfold
 Which yet no tongue hath told.

So the Bacchante roused from sleep
 Looks from the airy steep,
 And sees with wonder Hebrus flow,
 And Thracia white with snow ;
 That haunt of savage folk can see
 The wild mount Rhodope ;
 Thus wandering I would rocks admire,
 To pathless woods retire.

O'er Nymphs and Mænads, who can tear
 The tall ash growing fair
 With strong hand from the earth, you reign.
 Let no weak words remain,
 No more permit me, I beseech,
 To utter mortal speech.

To follow Bacchus crowned with vine—
 Be that sweet danger mine.

Carmen XXV.—AD BACCHUM.

Quo me, Bacehe, rapis tui
 Plenum ? quæ nemora aut quos agor in specus
 Velox mente nova ? quibus
 Antris egregii Cæsaris audiar
 Æternum meditans deus
 Stellis inserere et consilio Jovis ?
 Dicam insigne recens adhuc
 Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis
 Exsomnis stupet Euias
 Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam
 Thracen ac pede barbaro
 Lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio
 Ripas et vaeuum nemus
 Mirari libet. O Naiadum potens
 Baccharumque valentium
 Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,
 Nil parvum aut humili modo,
 Nil mortale loquar. Dulee periculum est,
 O Lenæe, sequi Deum
 Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

Ode XXVI.—To CHLOE.

HE BESEECHES VENUS TO CHECK THE PRIDE OF CHLOE.

Among the young damsels I once was victorious,
But now I must hang up my weapons, inglorious,
On the wall to the left of the sea-risen Venus,
With my lyre, which once sung of the wars waged
between us.

Here, here place the crowbars which then we were
wielding,

The torches, the engines to break doors unyielding,
O goddess! who ever blest Cyprus art shielding,
And Memphis unchilled by Mount Sithon the snowy,
With your uplifted scourge strike the arrogant
Chloe.

Carmen XXVI.—AD VENEREM.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria ;
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,

Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
Custodit. Hic hic ponite lucida
Funalia et vectes et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.

O quæ beatam diva tenes Cyprum et
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
Regina, sublimi flagello
Tange Chloën semel arrogantem.

Ode XXVII.—TO GALATEA ABOUT TO UNDERTAKE A SEA
VOYAGE.

A teeming hound, the chattering of a jay,
A red wolf speeding from Lanuvium's field,
A breeding fox, to bad men on the way
 Ill omens yield ;

A serpent may the journey set aside
 Darting across like arrow from afar,
Frightening the ambling horses, trained to ride,
 Or draw the car.

What shall I fear who am an augur wise ?
 Ere in the marsh he croak of rain to fall,
The raven from the East which prophecies
 My vows shall call.

Be happy still wherever you may go,
 Still Galatea think of me your friend ;
No left-hand woodpecker nor roving crow
 Your voyage end.

Behold Orion in wild tumult set.
 I know the perils of dark Adria's wave,
Iapix may all gentle seem and yet
 Soon loudly rave.

Let then our foemen's wives and children feel
 The south wind's hidden stirrings, and the roar
Of the dark sea and waves which lashings deal
 On trembling shore.

Carmen XXVII.—AD GALATEAM.

Impios parrae recinentis omen
 Dueat et pragnans canis aut ab agro
 Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvico,
 Fetaque vulpes ;

Rumpat et serpens iter institutum,
 Si per obliquum similis sagittae
 Terruit mannos. Ego cui timebo
 Providus auspex,

Antequam stantes repetat paludes
 Imbrium divina avis imminentum,
 Oseinem corvum prece suscitabo
 Solis ab ortu.

Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
 Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas,
 Teque nec laevus vetet ire picus
 Nec vaga cornix.

Sed vides, quanto trepidet tumultu
 Pronus Orion. Ego quid sit ater
 Hadriae novi sinus et quid albus
 Pecet Iapyx.

Hostium uxores puerique caecos
 Sentiant motus orientis Austri et
 Aequoris nigri fremitum et trementes
 Verbere ripas.

So to that fraudulent bull Europa fair
 Trusted her ivory side, secure and bold,
 But quailed before the thronging beasts which there
 In ocean rolled.

She to the meadows, seeking flowers had gone,
 Weaving for nymphs the votive coronal ;
 Now stars above and waters round her shone,
 And these were all.

But when to hundred-citied Crete she came,
 Father ! that tie, alas ! behind I left ;
 And virtue ! all ! she cried, by maddening shame
 Of sense bereft.

Whence ? Whither have I come ? Death were but
 light
 To honour's loss ; say do I wake and weep
 The shameful deed ; was it a vision's flight
 Which in my sleep,

A vain appearance, mocked me like a dream
 From out the ivory gate ? Which would I rather
 Take, a long journey o'er the ocean stream,
 Or fresh flowers gather ?

Should he be hither brought amidst my ire,
 This bull accursed I could with dagger pierce,
 And break those horns I did but now admire,
 With anger fierce.

Shameless, my father's household Gods I fled,
 Shameless, for Orcus' dismal doom I wait.
 Hear me, ye Gods ! mid lions naked led,
 Be this my fate !

Sic et Europe niveum doloso
Credidit tauro latus et scatentem
Belluis pontum mediasque fraudes
Palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis studiosa florum et
Debitæ Nymphis opifex coronæ
Nocte sublustri nihil astra præter
Vidit et undas.

Quæ simul centum tetigit potentem
Oppidis Creten : " Pater, o relictum
Filiæ nomen pietasque," dixit,
Victa furore !

" Unde quo veni ? Levis una mors est
Virginum culpæ. Vigilansne ploro
Turpe commissum, an vitiis carentem
Ludit imago

Vana, quæ porta fugiens cburna
Somnium ducit ? Meliusne fluctus
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
Carpere flores ?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvenem
Dedat iratæ, lacerare ferro et
Frangere enitar modo multum amati
Cornua monstri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates,
Impudens Oreum moror. O Deorum
Si quis hæc audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones !

Ere ugly leanness on my cheeks shall sit,
And while their tender prey is fresh and young,
Thus would I be, while thus in beauty fit,
To tigers flung.

Ah! vile Europa do you living rest,
My father seems to cry, why death delay?
Your zone from elm suspended may suggest
A ready way.

If mid sharp rocks and stones you seek a grave
Unto the rushing air yourself commit,
Unless you, born of kings, would be a slave,
And spinning sit,

The leman of a barbarous mistress' mate.
Perfidious Venus, to her 'plaining so,
Laughing drew near, and by her Cupid sate
With slackened bow.

Soon, having laughed enough, she cries Refrain,
And be no more of strife and anger full.
His horns to wound, you soon shall see again
That hated bull.

Cease sobbing, know you not your fortune rare?
Spouse of unconquered Jove, bear well your fame,
The world's chief portion shall hereafter share
Europa's name.

Antequam turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas teneræque succus
Duffuat prædæ, speciosa quæro
Pascere tigres.

Vilis Europe, pater urget absens :
Quid mori cessas ? Potes hac ab orno
Pendulum zona bene te sequuta
Lædere collum.

Sive te rupes et acuta leto
Saxa delectant, age te procellæ
Crede veloci, nisi herile mavis
Carpere pensum,

Regius sanguis, dominæque tradi
Barbaræ pellex." Aderat querenti
Perfidum ridens Venus et remisso
Filius arcu.

Mox, ubi lusit satis : " Abstineto,"
Dixit, " irarum calidæque rixæ,
Quum tibi invisus laccranda reddet
Cornua taurus.

Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis.
Mitte singultus, bene ferre magnam
Disce fortunam ; tua sectus orbis
Nomina ducet."

Carmen XXVIII.—AD LYDEN.

Festo quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum,
Lyde strenua, Cæcubum
Munitæque adhibe vim sapientiæ.

Inclinare meridiem
Sentis ac, veluti stet volucris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
Cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.

Nos cantabimus invicem
Neptunum et virides Nereïdum comas;
Tu curva recines lyra
Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiæ,

Summo carmine quæ Cnidon
Fulgentesque tenet Cyclades et Paphon
Junctis visit oloribus;
Dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

Ode XXIX.—To MÆCENAS.

I have some luscious wine in store,
 In cask I never broached before,
 Scents for the hair and wreaths of rose
 For you, Mæcenas, who can trace
 From old Etrurian kings your race :
 No longer then my wish oppose,

Nor always on moist Tibur gaze,
 Nor Æsula's steep sloping ways,
 Nor on those hills which bear the name
 Of Telagon the parricide ;
 Desert your towering mansions' pride
 And all your weary wealth disclaim.

Just now the power, the smoke, the roar
 Of happy Rome admire no more ;
 The wealthy oft of change are glad,
 Smoothed is the wrinkled brow of care
 Reclined at poor men's suppers, where
 No purple hangings can be had.

Now Cepheus' star arising glows
 And his late hidden glory shows ;
 Now Procyon raging shines on high ;
 The furious lion glares in wrath,
 Again the sun his arid path
 Pursues along the summer sky.

Carmen XXIX.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
 Non ante verso lene merum cado
 Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum, et
 Pressa tuis balanus capillis
 Jamdudum apud me est. Eripe te moræ;
 Ne semper udum Tibur et Æsulæ
 Declive contempleris arvum et
 Telegoni juga parricidæ.
 Fastidiosam desere copiam et
 Molem propinquam nubibus arduis;
 Omitte mirari beatæ
 Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.
 Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices
 Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
 Cœnæ sine aulæis et ostro
 Sollicitam explicuere frontem.
 Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
 Ostendit ignem, jam Procyon furit
 Et stella vesani Leonis,
 Sole dies referente siccos :

Now the tired shepherd seeks the shade,
 And with his weary flock is laid
 Mid' rough Silvanus' brakes reclined,
 And now the banks of many a stream
 In sultry stillness mourning seem
 The loss of the inconstant wind.

You, rapt in what concerns the state,
 And trembling for our city's fate,
 Now of the Bactrian people think
 By Cyrus ruled, or Seres fell,
 Or of the rebel hordes which dwell
 Along the distant Tanais' brink.

Never the prudent Deity
 Reveals to us what is to be,
 But hides it in the dusky night ;
 He laughs at over anxious men,
 Remember to be prudent then
 And in the present act aright.

The future like the river seems,
 Which in mid channel softly gleams
 And towards the Tuscan ocean flows ;
 Then with rough stones and trees upturn
 With herds and homes is onwards borne :
 In hills and woods the clamour grows

As the fierce floods the quiet break.
 Him for a happy man we take,
 And his own master, who can say,
 "To-morrow Jove around the pole
 "May sunbeams pour or dark clouds roll,
 "Whato'er betide, I've lived to-day."

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
 Rivumque fessus quærit et horridi
 Dumeta Silvani; caretque
 Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

Tu, civitatem quis deceat status,
 Curas, et Urbi sollicitus times,
 Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
 Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
 Caliginosa nocte premit Deus,
 Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
 Fas trepidat. Quod adest memento

Componere æquus: cetera fluminis
 Ritu feruntur, nunc medio æquore
 Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
 In mare, nunc lapides adesos

Stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos
 Volventis una, non sine montium
 Clamore vicinæque silvæ,
 Quum fera diluvies quietos

Irritat amnes. Ille potens sui
 Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
 Dixisse, "Vixi: eras vel atra
 Nube polum Pater occupato,

Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum
 Quodeunque retro est, efficiet, neque
 Diffinget infectumque reddet,
 Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

"Jove shall not all the past destroy,
 "Nor dispossess me of the joy
 "Which memory around me showers;
 "He cannot what is done undo,
 "Nor with destructive might pursue
 "This harvest of the fleeting hours."

Fortune, on evil still intent,
 And obstinately insolent
 To me uncertain honour brings,
 To bless another soon is flown;
 I praise her whilst she is my own,
 But when she flies on rapid wings

Relinquish all she gave to me,
 Wrapt in mine own integrity;
 An honest poverty be mine;
 What care I that the mast should groan
 With winds from Afrie's deserts blown;
 I will not barter vows, or whine

Lest bales from Cyprus or from Tyre
 Enrich the sea in shipwreck dire:
 For doubt not I myself can save
 In two-oared skiff; the favouring gale
 And the twin brother stars avail
 To bear me through Ægea's wave.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit et mea
Virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quaero.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miscras preces
Decurrere et votis pacisci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque mereas

Addant avaro divitias mari.
Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ
Tutum per Ægæos tumultus
Aura feret geminusque Pollux."

Ode xxx.

Behold a monument completed here,
Than brass more lasting; loftier than the walls
Of regal pyramids: which need not fear
The rude North winds; or rain which wearing falls;
Or years to come in their unnumbered flight;
Or hurrying Time. I shall not wholly die;
The better part of me shall yet have might
From Libitina's deadly hands to fly.
My praise shall ever grow in future time,
Ever renewed, whilst Vesta's silent maid
With the high priest the Capitol shall climb.
Where roaring Aufidus in foam arrayed
Down rushes rapidly, shall spread my fame,
Where Daunus in a barren country reigned
O'er peasant people, there they shall proclaim
How I, of lowly nurture, power obtained,
Who first to Latin measures could transfuse
Æolian song. Assert your proud renown,
Melpomenc, my ever soaring Muse;
My hair with Delphic laurel kindly crown.

Carmen xxx.—AD MELPOMENEN.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar, multa que pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam : usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita Virgine pontifex.
Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
Et qua pauper aquæ Daunus agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis, et mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

ODES. BOOK IV.

Ode I.—To VENUS.

O! spare me I beseeching cry,
Once more to war would Venus move me?
That time alas! is long gone by
When artless Cynara could love me:
Horace shall never be again
As in that kindly beauty's reign.

O! mother fierce of Cupids sweet,
Draw me no more to your soft rule,
No more my heart with love can beat,
For fifty years my passion cool.
Then leave me, Venus, take your flight
To where warm lover's vows invite.

Better the house of Paulus seek,
And there with purple swans go flying,
There after feasting, joke and speak
The tales which set your votaries sighing:
Of hundred arts a master rare
He shall afar your standard bear.

A youth so fair and noble too
In all love troubles eloquent,
And if his rival he subdue,
Though he may richer gifts present,
He shall the lake Albanus near
'Neath citron roof your statue rear.

LIBER QUARTUS.

Carmen I.—AD VENEREM.

Intermissa, Venus, diu

Rursus bella moves? Parce, precor, precor :
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cinaræ. Desine, duleium

Mater sæva Cupidinum,

Cirea lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis : abi,
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

Tempestivius in domum

Pauli purpureis ales oloribus
Comissabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum :

Namque et nobilis et decens

Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis
Et centum puer artium
Late signa feret militiæ tuæ.

Et, quandoque potentior

Largi muneribus riserit æmuli,
Albanos prope te laeus
Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.

There incense grateful to the smell,
With lyre and Berecynthian pipe,
And song and flute shall please you well :

Twice daily, lads and virgins ripe
Shall thrice in Salian measure beat
The shaken earth with glancing feet.

In vain for me shall beauty shine,
No trusting hope, no mutual vow,
No joy in drinking-bouts are mine,
Bind not fresh flowers around my brow.
But why my Ligurinus speaks,
The tear, so rare, upon my cheeks ?

Why is my tongue, once eloquent,
In shameful silence sinking low ?
In nightly dreams, on love intent,
I follow you where waters flow.
I hold you now, but soon I sigh
As o'er the field of Mars you fly.

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura, lyræque et Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ

Mixtis carminibus non sine fistula ;

Illic bis pueri die

Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

Me nec femina nec puer

Jam nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur

Manat rara meas lacrima per genas ?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio ?

Nocturnis ego somniis

Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, duro, volubiles.

Ode II.—TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

He who would equal Pindar's might,
 Iulus shall, with Dædal art,
 His name to some bright sea impart,
 On wax-bound pinions taking flight.

As mountain-river rushing strong
 Beyond the banks, floods all around,
 Swollen by rains; with voice profound
 So mighty Pindar rolls along:

Who shall Apollo's laurel gain,
 Whether in words unheard before,
 He boldly dithyrambics pour,
 Or a yet freer, wilder strain;

Or sing the Gods, or kings who came
 Of Godlike race, by whom they tell
 The Centaurs justly died, and fell,
 Dreadful Chimæra breathing flame;

Or tell of those who homewards steer,
 In fight or ræce the victors found,
 With wreath Elean glorious crowned,
 Gifts more than hundred statues dear.

Or mourn the youth from sad spouse torn,
 His golden manners, courage high,
 And mind, exalting to the sky
 Above black Orcus safely borne.

Carmen II.—AD JULUM ANTONIUM.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,
 Jule, ceratis ope Dædalea
 Nititur pennis vitreo daturus
 Nomina ponto.

Monto decurrens velut amnis, imbres
 Quem super notas aluere ripas,
 Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
 Pindarus ore,

Laurea donandus Apollinari,
 Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
 Verba devolvit numerisque fertur
 Lege solutis ;

Seu Deos regesve canit, Deorum
 Sanguinem, per quos cecidere justa
 Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendæ
 Flamma Chimære ;

Sive quos Elea domum reducit
 Palma ecclestes pugilemve equumve
 Dicit et centum potiore signis
 Munere donat,

Flebili sponsæ juvenemve raptum
 Plorat et vires animumque moresque
 Aureos educit in astra nigroque
 Invidet Orco.

Antonius, oft a buoyant gale
 Bears to the clouds the Theban swan ;
 I, like a Matine bee, toil on
 Among moist banks in Tibur's vale.

With him compared, a humble bard,
 I gather thyme on wearied wing,
 Or round about the grove I sing,
 Collecting verse by labour hard.

But you shall sound in loftier strain,
 Cæsar with well-earned laurel crowned,
 Leading about the sacred mound
 The fierce Sicambri's lengthened train.

Cæsar ! the greatest and the best
 That ever kindly Gods can send,
 Or ever fate to earth can lend
 If with a golden age reblest.

Augustus, prayed for long, appears,
 And you will note the joyful day,
 And all the city's public play,
 While strife no more the Forum hears.

Then, if aught worthy I can sing,
 Power shall be added to my voice ;
 O ! beauteous sun, O ! day, rejoice,
 Our Cæsar back again to bring.

Io triumphe ! as we go,
 Io triumphe ! let us shout ;
 And all the city thronging out,
 Incense on gracious Gods bestow.

Multa Dircaëum levat aura cycnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus. Ego apis Matinæ
More modoque

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum eirea nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

Concines majore poëta plectro
Cæsarem, quandoque trahet feroccs
Per sacrum elivum merita decorus
Fronde Sugambros;

Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavcre bonique Divi
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.

Concines lætosque dies et Urbis
Publicum ludum super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu forumque
Litibus orbum.

Tum meæ, si quid loquar audiendum,
Vocis accedet bona pars; et, "O Sol
Pulcher! o laudande!" canam, recepto
Cæsare felix.

Teque, dum proeedit, "io Triumphc,"
Non semel dicemus, "io Triumphc,"
Civitas omnis dabimusque Divis
Thura benignis.

Ten bulls your debt, as many cows :
A tender calf of dam bereft,
In grassy meadows playful left,
Shall satisfy my pious vows.

Like three days' moon his budding horns,
Curved like her burning crescent fair ;
His hue a yellow red, save where
A snow-white star his front adorns.

Te decem tauri totidemque vaccaë,
Me tener solvet vitulus, relicta
Matre qui largis juvenescit herbis
 In mea vota,

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
Qua notam duxit niveus videri,
 Cetera fulvus.

Ode III.—TO MELPOMENE.

THAT HE WOULD BE IMMORTALISED BY THE POETIC
FACULTY BESTOWED ON HIM.

He on whose birth you glanced with gentle eye,
Melpomene! shall never be renowned
For gaining with the Cestus victory
At th' Isthmian games; nor ever shall be crowned
Victor in swift-horsed Greeian chariot race;
Nor shall he in the Capitol appear,
While Phœbus' laurel leaves his temples grace,
For making threatening kings his prowess fear.
But streams which flow through Tibur's fertile plain
And leafy groves praised in Æolie ode
Shall bring him fame. Romans to come shall deign,
Who have in Queenly Rome their proud abode,
To place me midst the bards' beloved quire:
I now am less assailed by envy's tooth.
Muse! who can modulate my golden lyre,
And all its dulcet notes, and might in truth
To silent fish give swanlike melody!
As lyric bard of Rome it is your due
That I am pointed out by passers by;
And if I please, I please inspired by you.

Carmen III.—AD MELPOMENEN.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
 Nascentem placido lumine videris,
 Illum non labor Isthmius
 Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
 Curru ducet Achaico
 Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis
 Ornatum foliis ducem,
 Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
 Ostendet Capitolio :
 Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt
 Et spissæ nemorum comæ
 Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
 Romæ principis urbium
 Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
 Vatum ponere me choros,
 Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.
 O testudinis aureæ
 Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
 O mutis quoque piscibus
 Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,
 Totum muneris hoc tui est,
 Quod monstror digito prætreuntium
 Romanæ fidicen lyrae :
 Quod spiro et placeo, si placco, tuum est.

Ode IV.—THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

Like that winged bearer of his thunder
 (Whom Jove to rule the roving birds decreed,
 When faithful found the burden under
 Of his cup-bearer fair-haired Ganymede),
 Whom youth and vigour of his kind
 Urged from the nest to toils unknown before,
 And storms gone by, the vernal wind
 Taught trembling through unwonted heights to soar,
 Soon hunger down on sheep could drive ;
 The love of feasting and of battles too
 Stirred him with writhing snakes to strive ;
 And, like a young and new weaned lion, who
 From tawny mother's milk thrust out,
 The goats have seen, while cropping pastures fair,
 And as he wandered round about
 Felt that his unfleshed tooth their throats would tear.
 So Rhœti and Vindelici
 Drusus have seen beneath the Alps wage war.
 None all things know ; I ask not why
 The Amazonian axe their right hands bore
 In past or present times, or whence
 The custom first arose I never sought.
 These victors long and far from thence
 Yielded to artful plans young Drusus wrought,
 Saw what nobility of mind,
 What sense Augustus with paternal care

Carmen IV.—AD URBEM ROMAM.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
 Cui rex Deorum regnum in aves vagas
 Permisit expertus fidelem
 Jupiter in Ganymede flavo,

Olim juvenas et patrius vigor
 Nido laborum propulit insecium,
 Vernique jam nimbis remotis
 Insolitos docuere nisus

Venti paventem, mox in ovilia
 Demisit hostem vividus impetus,
 Nunc in reluctantes dracones
 Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ ;

Qualemve lætis caprea paseuis
 Intenta fulvæ matris ab ubere
 Jam lacte depulsum leonem
 Dente novo peritura vidit :

Videre Rhætis bella sub Alpibus
 Drusum gerentem Vindelici ; quibus
 Mos unde deductus per omne
 Tempus Amazonia securi

Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli ;
 Nec scire fas est omnia ; sed diu
 Lateque victrices eatervæ
 Consiliis juvenis revietæ

Gave in his palace, rearing kind
 These young Neronēs who now step-sons were.
 Brave men beget the good and brave,
 Horses or steers their sires' perfections show,
 Ferocious eagles never have
 Doves for their young, who nought of battles know.
 Learning excites the inborn force,
 A proper culture fortifies the mind ;
 When morals take a downward course
 Things good by nature are with ill combined.
 How much these Neros, Rome! you owe ;
 See conquered Hasdrubal Metaurus fly,
 Let that fair day for Latium show
 When, trouble passed, laughed glorious victory.
 When Hannibal, dread African,
 Like flame mid fir trees, or the East wind's flight
 O'er the Sicilian waters, ran
 Through the Italian cities in his might.
 The youth of Rome from that glad day
 Grew bold, and forth to noble emprise poured ;
 By Punic uproar torn away,
 Gods to their temples were again restored.
 " Like stags for savage wolves a spoil,"
 Hear now deceitful Hannibal exclaim—
 " Chief triumph ours by flight to foil
 " Those Roman troops, at whose pursuit we aim.
 " Their Ilium burned they left its shore,
 " And bravely tossed on Tuscan billows rolled,
 " Then to Ausonia's cities bore
 " Their Gods, their children, and their fathers old.
 " An Ilex thus which the axe shears

Sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
 Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
 Posset, quid Augusti paternus
 In pueros animus Neronis.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis ;
 Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum
 Virtus, neque imbellem feroces
 Progenerant aquilæ eolumbam ;

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
 Rectique cultas pectora roborant ;
 Uteunque defecere mores,
 Indecorant bene nata culpæ.

Quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus,
 Testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
 Devietus et pulcher fugatis
 Ille dies Latio tenebris,

Qui primus alma risit adorea,
 Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas
 Ceu flamma per tædas vel Euris
 Per Siculas equitavit undas.

Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
 Romana pubes crevit et impio
 Vastata Pœnorum tumultu
 Fana Deos habuere rectos,

Dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal :
 “ Cervi, luporum præda rapæium,
 Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
 Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

“ On Algidus so rich in shady leaves,
“ Spite of its severed trunk appears
“ Stronger for wounds the very iron gives.
“ Not Hydra’s necks more hard to hew
“ Or bolder reared ’gainst labouring Hercules.
“ No monster Echion’s Thebes ere grew
“ Or Colchos of more wondrous might than these.
“ In seas immersed, more fair they rise,
“ Strive with them and they win the victor’s crown,
“ Abroad their praise, their glory flies,
“ And matrons tell their battles high renown.
“ No more to Carthage shall I send
“ My haughty messengers ; all hope aghast.
“ Dead ! dead ! Since Hasdrubal’s sad end
“ The fortune of our name and race is past.
“ All things the Claudian band will dare
“ Whom still benignant Jupiter defends,
“ And through whose ever prudent eare
“ Success on all their warlike toil attends.”

Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
 Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, sacra,
 Natosque maturosque patres
 Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
 Nigræ feraei frondis in Algido,
 Per, damna per cædes ab ipso
 Dueit opes animumque ferro.

Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
 Vinei dolentem crevit in Herculem,
 Monstrumve submittere Colchi
 Majus Echioniæve Thebæ.

Merses profundo, pulchrior exiet ;
 Luctere, multa prouet integrum
 Cum laude victorem geretque
 Prælia conjugibus loquenda.

Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
 Mittam superbos. Occidit, occidit
 Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
 Nominis, Hasdrubale interempto.

Nil Claudiæ non perficient manus,
 Quas et benigno numine Jupiter
 Defendit et curæ sagaces
 Expediunt per acuta belli.”

Ode v.—To AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Sprung from kind gods, best guardian of the race
 Of Romulus, you are too long away,
 Promised, again the sacred senate graec
 Nor due return delay.

Good leader, to your country light restore,
 For 'tis like spring when your bright looks appear,
 The day becomes more pleasant than before,
 The sun shines out more clear.

And as a mother, when, with envious blast,
 The fierce south wind, beyond Carpathia's sea
 Keeps from dear home her son, altho' gone past
 More than a year may be ;

With face still fixed upon the curving strand,
 On him she calls with every prayer and vow,
 Thus with its loyal wishes all the land
 Asks for her Cæsar now.

For lo! the oxen roam the fields at ease,
 Ceres and fat abundance feed the land,
 With peace restored ships fly along the seas—
 Faith uncorrupt will stand.

No longer homes for shameless lust are blamed,
 Laws, morals, crush the evils of the time,
 Mothers for children of one sire are famed,
 Swift vengeance follows crime.

Carmen v.—AD AUGUSTUM.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
 Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu :
 Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
 Sancto concilio redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ ;
 Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
 Affulsit populo, gratior it dies
 Et soles melius nitent.

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
 Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
 Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
 Dulei distinet a domo,

Votis ominibusque et precibus vocat,
 Curvo nec faciem litore dimovet ;
 Sic desideriiis ieta fidelibus
 Quærit patria Cæsarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
 Nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas,
 Peccatum volitant per mare navitæ,
 Culpari metuit Fides ;

Nullis polluitur easta domus stupris,
 Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,
 Laudantur simili prole puerperæ,
 Culpam pœna premit comes.

Who dreads the Parthian, or the Scythian cold,
Or German, who so horrible appears,
When Cæsar here in safety we behold ?

Who fierce Iberian fears ?

The man who works all day among his hills
And leads his vines to wed the widowed trees,
Returning thence his wine full gladly spills,
Thee with rich feasts would please.

Wine to thy worship he from goblets pours
With many prayers; thee with his Lares sets
As Deity; so Castor Greece adores,
Nor Hercules forgets.

Long may you give, good prince to Italy
These joyful times, at sober morn we say,
Thus say when we have drunk, and in the sea
The sun hath sunk away.

Quis Parthum paveat, quis gelidum Seythen,
Quis Germania quos horrida parturit
Fetus ineolumi Cæsare ? quis feræ
 Bellum euret Iberiæ ?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
Et vitem viduâs ducit ad arbores ;
Hinc ad vina rodit lætus et alteris
 Te mensis adhibet Deum ;

Te multa preee, te prosequitur mero
Defuso pateris, et Laribus tuum
Miscet numen, uti Græcia Castoris
 Et magni memor Hereulis.

“ Longas o utinam, dux bone, ferias
Præstes Hesperiaë ! ” dieimus integro
Sicci mane die, dieimus uvidi,
 Quum Sol Oceano subest.

Carmen VI.—AD APOLLINEM.

Dive, quem proles Niobeæ magnæ
 Vindicem linguæ Tityosque raptor
 Sensit et Trojæ prope victor altæ
 Phthius Achilles,

Ceteris major, tibi miles impar ;
 Filius quamvis Thetidis marinæ
 Dardanas turres quateret tremenda
 Cuspide pugnax.

Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
 Pinus aut impulsa cupressus Euro,
 Procidit late, posuitque collum in
 Pulvere Teucro.

Ille non inclusus equo Minervæ
 Sacra mentito male feriatos
 Troas et lætam Priami choreis
 Falleret aulam ;

Sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas heu,
 Nescios fari pueros Achivis
 Ureret flammis, etiam latentem
 Matris in alvo ;

Ni tuis victus Venerisque gratæ
 Vocibus Divom pater annuisset
 Rebus Æneæ potiore ductos
 Alite muros.

Doctor argutæ fidicen Thaliæ,
 Phœbe, qui Xantho lavis amne crines,
 Dauniæ defende decus Camenæ,
 Levis Agyien.

Beyond Thalia skilful on the lyre,
Phœbus who dip your locks in Xanthus' wave,
Beardless Agyieus! Daunia's muse inspire,
Our glory save!

Phœbus bestowed my skill, my poet's art,
And Phœbus gave to me the poet's name.
Virgins who with the loftiest have your part,
Boys born to fame,

Cares of the Delian goddess, who can slay
With arrows, lynxes and the bounding deer,
Still let your lyre the Lesbian measure sway,
My thumb-beat hear:

Duly Latona's son extolling now
And then the waxing moon's night-cheering beam
Ripening the fruits, making the fleet months flow
On like a stream.

The bride shall say, "I, skilful in his songs,
Have sung the strains of Horace, poet sweet,
Notes by the gods beloved, which he prolongs
Our feast to greet."

Spiritum Phœbus mihi, Phœbus artem
Carminis nomenque dedit poëtæ.
Virginum primæ puerique claris
Patribus orti,

Deliæ tutela Deæ fugaces
Lyncas et eervos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium servate pedem meique
Pollicis ictum,

Rite Latonæ puerum eanentes,
Rite crescentem faee Noctilneam,
Prosperam frugum eeleremque pronos
Volvcre menses.

Nupta jam diees : “Ego Dîs amicum,
Sceulo festas referente lucee,
Reddidi carmen doeilis modorum
Vatis Horatî.”

Ode VII.—TO TORQUATUS.

The snow hath fled, and grass reclothes the plain,
Woods have their leaves again ;
All earth feels change, now rivers smaller grow,
No more their banks o'erflow.
To lead the dances, Nymphs and Graces fair
In naked beauty dare.
Here we must hope for no unending stay :
Behold the pleasant day
Which time devours, and then the fleeting year,
Teach the same lesson here.
The cold is softened by the zephyr's wing ;
Summer comes fast on Spring,
Soon goes ; then apple-bearing Autumn pours
Abroad her fruity stores ;
And soon again the dreary winter's dearth
O'erspreads the barren earth.
Swift waning moons will soon their loss repair,
But when we downwards fare,
With good Æneas, Tullus, Ancus thrust,
But shadows we and dust.
Perhaps no morrow may the gods decree—
This our last day may be.
Our greedy-handed heir the things must lose
Which we ourselves now use.

Carmen VII.—AD TORQUATUM.

Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ;
Mutat terra vices et decreseentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt;
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alnum
Quæ rapit hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris; ver proterit æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit incers.
Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ:
Nos, ubi decidimus,
Quo pater Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Dî superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.

When Minos once hath the stern judgment said,
 And you are with the dead,
Neither Torquatus' race, nor eloquence,
 Nor zeal, can bring you thence.
The chaste Hippolytus from darksome grave
 Diana could not save,
Nor Theseus, dear Pirithous could gain
 From that Lethæan chain.

Quum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
 Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
 Restituet pietas ;
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
 Liberat Hippolytum,
Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumpere caro
 Vincula Pirithoo.

Ode VIII.—TO MARTIUS CENSORINUS.

I would give, my Censorinus, goblets which of kindness speak
To my messmates, brazen caldrons, tripods fit for victor Greek;
Nor should you my worst gifts bear off if those famous arts were mine
Which old Scopas and Parrhasius exercised with skill divine.
Cunning this to shape the marble, that for liquid colors famed;
Now a man they brought before us, now a God the artist framed.
But I neither have the talent, nor your house such things requires,
Nor is yours a greedy longing which such luxury desires.
Verse delights you, verse we give you, and can sum its value, too;
Ours no public graven marble whence great chiefs can death subdue;
Nor could Hannibal, swift flying, threats upon himself hurled back,
Nor the spoils of impious Carthage, name derived from Afric's wrack,
Than Calabria's Muse more brightly true renown on you bestow;

Carmen VIII.—AD CENSORINUM.

Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
 Censorine, meis æra sodalibus,
 Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
 Graiorum, neque tu pessima munerum,
 Ferres, divite me seilicet artium,
 Quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas
 Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
 Sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc Deum.
 Sed non hæc mihi vis, non tibi talium
 Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
 Gaudes carminibus; carmina possumus
 Donare et pretium dicere muneri.
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
 Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
 Post mortem dueibus, non ecleres fugæ
 Rejectæque retrorsum Hannibalis minæ;
 Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
 * * * * * *
 * * * * * *
 Ejus, qui domita nomen ab Africa
 Lucratus rediit, elarius indicant
 Laudes quam Calabræ Pierides: neque,

If verse be silent for your exploits, how can honors
round you flow ?
Nought the son of Mars and Ilia, Romulus, if yet
withstood
Envious silence. Strongly, kindly, the Poets' mighty
brotherhood
Ææus from Stygian billows snatched, and with the
power of song
Placed him in the blessed islands, deathless and
divinely strong.
The Muse forbids the good to perish, these the Muse
can raise to Heaven,
And thus to Hereules unwearied the yearned-for feasts
of Jove were given.
Sons of Tyndarus ; Thus famous, lo ! your constel-
lation bright
Saves the tempest-battered vessel from the yawning
ocean's might :
Crowned with vine thus mighty Bacchus now becomes
a God indeed,
Hears the vows of all his votaries, makes each enter-
prise succeed.

Si chartæ silcant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus et favor et lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori:
Cælo Musa beat. Sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules;
Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis
Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates;
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vœta bonos ducit ad exitus.

Ode IX.—To M. LOLLIUS.

Do not believe these words of mine shall die
 Which I, born near far-sounding Aufidus,
 Through arts before unknown to minstrelsy,
 Sing to the lyre—Mæonian Homor thus
 Still holds the foremost place, yet Pindar's muse,
 The Cean, and Alæus' notes of rage,
 And grave Stesichorus no glory lose,
 Nor are Anaereon's songs destroyed by age.
 Still love breathes round, and still the passions glow
 To which fair Sappho made her lyre resound.
 Not Spartan Helen love alone might show
 For curled adulterer's locks, not only she
 Admiring gold-besprinkled robes was found,
 And retinue and gauds of royalty :
 Nor Teueer first aimed shafts from Cretan bow,
 Not onee alone did Troy feel foeman's wrong,
 Nor only Sthenelus can battles show,
 Or great Idomencus as themes of song,
 Nor fierce Deiphobus nor Heetor bold,
 Alone for spouses chaste or sons could fight.
 Brave men ere Agamemnon lived of old,
 They had no bard, so unwept sank in night.
 Almost alike great deeds which hidden lie
 And deathlike sloth. Lollius! my words shall sound;
 Nor shall adorning praises pass you by ;
 Nor dark oblivion spread your labours round.

Carmen IX.—AD LOLLIUM.

Ne forte credas interitura, quæ
 Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
 Non ante vulgatas per artes
 Verba loquor socianda chordis :
 Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
 Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
 Cææque et Alcæi minaces
 Stesichorique graves Camenæ ;
 Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
 Delevit ætas ; spirat adhuc amor
 Vivuntque eommissi calores
 Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.
 Non sola eomptos arsit adulteri
 Crines et aurum vestibus illitum
 Mirata regalesque cultus
 Et eomites Helene Lacæna,
 Primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
 Direxit arcu ; non semel Ilios
 Vexata ; non pugnavit ingens
 Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus
 Dicenda Muis prælia ; non ferox
 Hector vel acer Deïphobus graves
 Excepit ietus pro pudicis
 Conjugibus puerisque primus.
 Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 Multi ; sed omnes illacrimabiles
 Urgentur ignotique longa
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

In all affairs a just and prudent mind

In prosperous or doubtful times is yours.

Vengeance for greedy fraud you still designed ;

Nor grasped at money which all things allures.

Not Consul only for a year you were,

But ever still a faithful judge and good ;

Honest to selfish ends you did prefer,

And loftily all bad men's bribes withstood,

Riding victorious through the ranks of foes.

You would not call that man the truly blest

Who had much riches, but more rightly those

Who wisely use all from the Gods possesset.

These will rejoice to bear stern poverty,

And dread dishonour as yet worse than death :

Such men as these know no timidity,

But for dear friends or country yield their breath.

Paullum sepultæ distat inertiae
Celata virtus. Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores

Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones. Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens et secundis
Temporibus dubiisque rectus ;

Vindex avaræ fraudis et abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ,
Consulque non unius anni,
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus

Judex honestum prætulit utili,
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu, per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum : rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti

Duramque callet pauperiem pati
Pejusque leto flagitium timet,
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

Ode x.—TO LIGURINUS.

When you, Ligurinus, so cruel and proud
Of the charms Venus gives you shall find how they
fly—
When your long locks your shoulders no longer shall
shroud,
And the face whose bright colour with roses may vie
Is turned to an aspect all horrid with hair—
You will cry as your change in the glass you survey,
Why came not these thoughts when still boyish and
fair?
Or why not those cheeks with the mind of to-day?

Carmen x.—AD LIGURINUM.

O crudelis adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens,
Insperata tuæ quum veniet pluma superbiæ,
Et, quæ nunc humeris involitant, deciderint comæ,
Nunc et qui color est puniceæ flore prior rosæ,
Mutatus Ligurinum in faciem verterit hispidam,
Dices, heu, quoties te speculo videris alterum:
“Quæ mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ?”

Ode XI.—TO PHYLLIS.

I have a jar, my Phyllis,
Filled with old Alban wine,
It has lain in my garner
Years something more than nine.

I have, too, in my garden,
Much ivy, parsley green,
Which you may weave in garlands
To deck your tresses sheen.

My house with silver glitters,
My altar now would fain
Fresh vervain-crowned, be sprinkled
With blood of lamb new slain.

Now all the servants hasten,
Run mingled boys and girls,
O'er rolling flames high eurling,
Dark smoke ascends in swirls.

But hear what joy awaits you ;
We keep the Ides, all gay,
Midmost of budding April,
'Tis seaborn Venus' day.

My birth-day not more sacred,
Nor with more reason cheers,
Than this whence my Mæcnas
Computes his growing years.

Carmen XI.—AD PHYLLIDEM.

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
 Plenus Albani eadus; est in horto,
 Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;
 Est hederæ vis

Multa, qua crines religata fulges;
 Ridet argento domus; aræ castis
 Vineta verbenis avet immolato
 Spargier agno;

Cuneta festinat manus, huc et illuc
 Cursitant mixtæ pueris pnellæ;
 Sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes
 Vertice fumum.

Ut tamen noris quibus advoceris
 Gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendæ,
 Qui dies mensem Veneris marinæ
 Findit Aprilem,

Jure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque
 Pæne natali proprio, quod ex hac
 Luce Mæcenus meus adfluentes
 Ordinatus annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit
 Non tuæ sortis juvenem puella
 Divex et lasciva tenetque grata
 Compede vinctum.

A girl both rich and loving
Your Telephus has found,
One far above your station
Holds him delighted bound.

By greedy hope aspiring,
See burning Phaëton!
See Pegasus, who threw down
Earth-born Bellerophon,—

These bid us keep our station,
Nor set our hopes too high;
Think such ambition wicked—
From mates unequal fly.

But now my loves are over,
My last own dear you were,
Then sing me one sweet measure,
For music lightens care.

Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras
Spes, et exemplum grave præbet ales
Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem,

Semper ut te digna sequare et ultra
Quam licet sperare nefas putando,
Disparem vites. Age jam meorum
Finis amorum—

Non enim posthac alia calebo
Femina — condisce modos, amanda
Voce quos reddas; minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.

Ode XII.—To VIRGIL.

Companions of the Spring, now Thraecian gales
 Which smooth the seas begin to swell the sails;
 Meads feel no frost; the winter-snows no more
 Make turbid rivers roar.

Mourning for Itys, now her nest begins
 That hapless bird, endless reproach for sins
 Of Cecrops' house, because her unjust blade
 The royal lust repaid.

Shepherds of well-fed sheep now stretched along
 The yielding grass raise to the pipe a song
 For Pan, whom herds and hills all dark with trees
 In old Arcadia please.

The season now, my Virgil, thirst hath brought,
 If you wish wine of Cales for your drought,
 You, who of noble youths the client live,
 You must the perfumes give.

A little onyx holds enough of nard
 To bring the jar Sulpitian granaries guard;
 Wine which hath power hope ever to repair,
 And scatter bitter care.

So, if you hasten to such joys as these,
 Come quickly, with your wit and power to please,
 I cannot stain you gratis with my wine,
 As a rich house were mine.

No more delay nor further gain desire,
 But mindful of the funeral's murky fire,
 Mix some brief folly with stern wisdom's school;
 'Tis sometimes well to fool.

Carmen XII.—AD VIRGILIUM.

Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant
 Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ :
 Jam nec prata rigent nec fluvii strepunt
 Hiberna nive turgidi.

Nidum ponit Ityn flebiliter gemens
 Infelix avis et Cecropiæ domus
 Æternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
 Regum est ulta libidines.

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
 Custodes ovium carmina fistula
 Delectantque Deum, cui pecus et nigri
 Colles Arcadiæ placent.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Virgili :
 Sed pressum Calibus dueere Liberum
 Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
 Nardo vina merebere.

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
 Qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,
 Spes donare novas largus amaraque
 Curarum eluere efficax.

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tua
 Velox merce veni : non ego te meis
 Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
 Plena dives ut in domo.

Verum pone moras et studium lucri ;
 Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
 Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem :
 Dulce est desipere in loco.

Ode XIII.—TO LYCE.

Lyce ! The Gods have heard my prayer,
 Lyce ! the Gods have heard ;
 Grown an old woman, yet you dare,
 ('Tis really too absurd,)
 To hope to shine with beauty's ray ;
 You drink and sport in shameless way,
 With tipsy trembling voice you fain
 Would some reluctant love obtain.

But ardent Cupid will more oft
 Watch in the lovely cheeks
 Of Chian girl, in dances soft
 Who all her passion speaks ;
 Cruel, the wintry oak he leaves,
 And flies from you when he perceives
 Your wrinkles, teeth which darker grow,
 And on your head old age's snow.

No more shall Coan purple bring,
 No more shall jewels bright,
 The days which Time with rapid wing
 Hath sped in ordered flight.
 Ah ! Where, Alas ! is Venus ? Where
 The graceful step, complexion fair,
 Where all which like love's breath we feel ?
 And me from mine own self could steal ?

Carmen XIII.—AD LYCEN.

Audivere, Lyce, Dî mea vota, Dî
 Audivere, Lyce : fis anus, et tamen
 Vis formosa videri,
 Ludisque et bibis impudens,

Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
 Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et
 Doctæ psallere Chiæ
 Pulchris excubat in genis.

Importunus enim transvolat aridas
 Quercus, et refugit te, quia luridi
 Dentes, te quia rugæ
 Turpant et capitis nives ;

Nec Coæ referunt jam tibi purpuræ
 Nec clari lapides tempora, quæ semel
 Notis condita fastis
 Inclusit volucriis dies.

Quo fugit Venus, heu, quove color decens ?
 Quo motus ? quid habes illius, illius,
 Quæ spirabat amores,
 Quæ me surpuerat mihi,

Felix post Cinarum, notaque et artium
 Gratarum facies ? Sed Cinaræ breves
 Annos fata dederunt,
 Servatura diu parem

Once next to Cynara most blest
Your form was famed for grace,
But Cynara's days the fates arrest
And Lyce leave to trace
Years which may match an ancient crow's :
Warm youth with laughter overflows
To see that torch to ashes turn,
Which once could all beholders burn.

Cornicis vctulæ temporibus Lycen,

Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi

Multo non sine risu

Dilapsam in cineres facem.

Ode XIV.—To AUGUSTUS.

How shall the Roman's or the Senate's care
Augustus worthily immortalise ?
What statues shall his name for ages bear ?
What tablets shall his actions memorise ?
Greatest of Kings, wherever shines the sun
On habitable shores : now, glorious sight,
See the Vindelici to Rome are won ;
Now first subdued they feel his martial might.
See Drusus make the fierce Genauinians fly,
The Brenni swift, and more than once thrown down,
Forts amidst horrid Alps constructed high ;
Under your leadership he gains renown.
Tiberius then a stubborn battle gains
O'er Rhætians fierce through your good augury ;
In war illustrious conquest he obtains
O'er men devoted to be free or die.
Swift as the South which stirs the unruly deep
When clouds are cleft by Pleiad's dancing quire,
He on the squadrons of the foe will sweep,
Or urge his chafing horse through circling fire.
As Aufidus rolls on with bull-like roar,
Watering Apulian Daunus' ancient realm,
When raging he prepares afar to pour
A dreadful flood, and cultured fields o'erwhelm,
So Claudius routed all the steel-clad force
Of the barbarians in his fierce onslaught,

Carmen XIV.—AD AUGUSTUM.

Quæ cura patrum quæve Quiritium
 Plenîs honorum muneribus, tuas,
 Auguste, virtutes in ævum
 Per titulos momoresque fastos

Æternct, O, qua sol habitabiles
 Illustrat oras, maxime principum!—
 Quem legis expertes Latinæ
 Vindelici didicere nuper,

Quid Marte posses; milite nam tuo
 Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
 Breunosque veloces et arces
 Alpibus impositas tremendis

Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.
 Major Neronum mox grave proclium
 Commisit immanesque Rhætos
 Auspiciis pepulit secundis,

Spectandus in certamine Martio,
 Devota morti pectora liberæ
 Quantis fatigaret ruinis;
 Indomitas prope qualis undas

Exercet Auster, Pleiâdum choro
 Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
 Vexare turmas et frementem
 Mittere equum medios per ignes.

Foremost and hindmost felling in his course ;
A victory with his soldiers' blood unbought ;
His forces, counsels, gods, were all your own.
This day did Alexandria suppliant bring,
With port and empty palace open thrown,
Three lustres past, when Fortune favouring
Put to a prosperous end the noble war,
And gave your deeds the wished-for meed of praise.
You, do the Scythians wandering afar,
Cantabrians now subdued, to glory raise
O present guard of Italy and Rome !
Nile who conceals his source doth reverence you ;
Ister, swift Tigris, and the surging foam
Of that far sea where monsters swarm which beats
In thunder upon distant Britain's coast :
To you the Gaul who death unshaken meets,
Bends, and the land the rough Iberians boast ;
And bow to you, ended all warlike feats,
The slaughter-loving fierce Sicambrian host.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Apuli,
 Quum sævit horrendamque cultis
 Diluvium meditatur agris,

Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu
 Primosque et extremos metendo
 Stravit humum sine clade victor,

Te copias, te consilium et tuos
Præbente Divos. Nam tibi quo die
 Portus Alexandria supplex
 Et vacuum patefecit aulam,

Fortuna lustrò prospera tertio
Belli secundos reddidit exitus,
 Laudemque et optatum peractis
 Imperiis decus arrogavit.

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis
Medusque et Indus, te profugus Seythes
 Miratur, o tutela præsens
 Italiæ dominæque Romæ.

Te fontium qui celat origines
Nilusque et Ister, te rapidus Tigris,
 Te belluosus qui remotis
 Obstrepat Oceanus Britannis,

Te non paventis funera Galliæ
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ,
 Te cæde gaudentes Sugrambri
 Compositis venerantur armis.

Ode xv.—THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

Apollo chid me with his lyre
 When I desired of war to sing,
 And conquered towns, lest I should bring
 My little sail to brave the ire

Of Tyrrhene waves. Lo, Cæsar's day
 Again brings plenty to our fields,
 Again the vine full elusters yields.
 Behold the standards snatched away,

Which late proud Parthian fanes exposed,
 To our Jove's temple are restored;
 Romans with all the world accord,
 And Janus' temple's gates are elosed.

Cæsar true order gives, and reins
 The uncurbed license of the state;
 Recalls the virtue of old date
 Whence Italy her valour gains;

The Roman name, and whence arise
 Her growing fame, her majesty;
 And empire which outspread we see
 To Eastern from the Western skies.

Augustus! while you guard the state
 No civil broils our peace shall mar,
 Nor rage which sharpens swords for war,
 And wretched cities turns to hate.

Carmen xv.—AUGUSTI LAUDES.

Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui
Victas et urbes increpuit lyra,
Ne parva Tyrrenum per æquor
Vela darem. Tua, Cæsar, ætas

Fruges et agris rettulit uberes
Et signa nostro restituit Jovi
Derepta Parthorum superbis
Postibus et vacuum duellis

Janum Quirini clausit et ordinem
Rectum evaganti frena licentiæ
Injecit emovitque culpas
Et veteres revocavit artes,

Per quas Latinum nomen et Italæ
Crevere vires fama que imperi
Porrecta majestas ad ortus
Solis ab Hesperio cubili.

Custode rerum Cæsare non furor
Civilis aut vis exiget otium,
Non ira, quæ procudit enses
Et miseras inimicat urbes.

Not they who drink of Danube deep,
Not Getæ, Seres, Mede untrue,
Break Julian laws imposed by you,
Nor tribes where Tanais' waters sweep.

We on the feasts and holy days,
When warmed by mirthful Bacchus' wine,
With wives and children will combine
(The gods first moved by prayer and praise)

The Lydian pipe with song to share,
And sing the deeds of leaders bold,
As sung our sires, Anchises old,
Troy, and the son of Venus fair.

Non, qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Julia, non Getæ,
Non seres infidive Persæ,
Non Tanain prope flumen orti.

Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris
Inter jocos munera Liberi
Cum prole matronisque nostris,
Rite Deos prius apprecati,

Virtute functos more patrum duces
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis
Trojamque et Anchisen et almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus.

THE SECULAR HYMN.

Phœbus! Diana, Queen of woods! divine
Splendours of heaven, whom still we worship, praise,
To grant your pious votaries' prayer incline
In these most holy days.

Days when the verse the ancient Sybil gave,
In chosen virgins and pure youths instils,
To chant a hymn to guardian gods who save
Rome and her seven hills.

O, Sun, the nourisher, producing light
Then quenching it:—with ear more bright than gold,
New, yet the same, you rise; no greater sight
Than Rome may you behold.

Propitious births, kind Ilithya, bring,
Preserve with fostering care our mothers all,
Whether we you shall as Lucina sing,
Or the life-giver call.

Increase our offspring, Goddess, prosper still
The Senate's laws which marriages decree,
May a fresh progeny our wish fulfil,
And marriage fertile be.

CARMEN SECULARE.

Phœbe silvarumque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, o colendi
Semper et culti, date, quæ precamur
Tempore sacro,

Quo Sibyllini monuere versus
Virgines lectas puerosque castos
Dîs, quibus septem placuere colles,
Dicere carmen.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nasceris, possis nihil urbe Roma
Visere majus.

Rite maturos aperire partus
Lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari
Seu Genitalis.

Diva, producas sobolem patrumque
Prosperes decreta super jugandis
Feminis prolisque novæ feraci
Lege marita.

After a hundred years and ten are told,
 Again may these three days of fair delights
 Come round with songs and pastimes as of old,
 As many pleasant nights.

And you, ye Fates, who evermore declare
 The truth pronounced, the voice of destiny,
 Grant that the future equal good may bear
 To past prosperity.

May earth, in corn and cattle fruitful, give
 Ceres a coronal of ears of wheat,
 May gales from heaven make all germens live,
 May waters pure and sweet.

Whilst hid your arrows, ever gentle, kind,
 Our supplicating youth, Apollo, hear,
 And you, the queen of stars, may virgins find,
 Two-horned Diana, near.

Through you if Rome arose and Trojan men
 Italia won and oracles obeyed,
 Changing their household gods and city when
 Their happy voyage they made;

And good Æneas, in his patriot heart,
 Thoughtless of self, prepared an open way
 By which from flaming Troy, they might depart
 More rich than those who stay.

Grant to our youth, ye gods, all mortal health,
 To our declining years, ye gods, grant rest,
 And may the race of Romulus in wealth,
 Fame, offspring, all be blest.

Certus undenos decies per annos
Orbis ut cantus referatque ludos
Ter die claro totiesque grata
 Nocte frequentes.

Vosque veraces cecinisse, Parcæ,
Quod semel dictum est stabilisque rerum
Terminus scrvat, bona jam peractis
 Jungite fata.

Fertilis frugum pecorisque Tellus
Spicea donet Cererem eorona ;
Nutriant fetus et aquæ salubres
 Et Jovis auræ,

Condito mitis piacidusque telo
Supplices audi pueros, Apollo ;
Siderum regina bicornis, audi,
 Luna, puellas :

Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliæque
Litas Etruscum tenuere turmæ,
Jussa pars mutare lares et urbem
 Sospite cursu,

Cui per ardentem sine fraudé Trojam
Custus Æneas patriæ superstes
Liberum munivit iter daturus
 Plura relictis :

Dî, probos mores docili juventæ,
Dî, senectuti placidæ quietem,
Romulæ genti date remque prolemque
 Et decus omne !

May Venus and Anehises' noble line,
 Who ever honor you with oxen white,
 To merey towards a yielding foe incline,
 All proud opposers smite.

Fear of the Roman power on sea and land,
 And of the Alban axe the Parthians share;
 Seythians and Indians wait our dread eommand,
 Who late so boastful were.

51 Now Faith, Peaee, Honor, ancient Modesty,
 And e'en neglected Virtue dare return;
 And rich Abundance visits Italy
 With overflowing horn.

Bright Phœbus, prophet with the glittering bow,
 Dear to the Muses nine, whose healing skill
 Towards our ailing limbs shall ever flow,
 Our wishes now fulfil.

Kindly regard in ages yet to eome,
 Your temple reared upon Mount Aventine,
 Make happy Latium, and prosper Rome,
 Bid future ages shine.

Diana, who on Algidus appear,
 And Aventine, your fifteen priests allow
 To gain their prayer and give a friendly ear
 To every young lad's vow.

We, Phœbus and Diana's chorus, trained
 To sing their praise, home hopefully repair,
 Feeling that Jove and all the Gods have deigned
 To hear our chanted prayer.

Quæque vos bobus veneratur albis
Clarus Anchisæ Venerisque sanguis,
Imperet, bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem.

Jam mari terraque manus potentes
Medus Albanasque timet securis ;
Jam Scythæ responsa petunt superbi
Nuper et Indi.

Jam Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque
Priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet, apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

Augur et fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus acceptusque novem Camenis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus,

Si Palatinos videt æquus arces,
Remque Romanam Latiumque felix
Alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
Proroget ævum.

Quæque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
Quindecim Diana preces virorum
Curet et votis puerorum amicas
Applicet aures.

Hæc Jovem sentire Deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
Doctus et Phœbi chorus et Dianæ
Dicere laudes.

E P O D E S .

Epode I.—TO MÆCENAS.

Will you, my friend, Liburnian galleys guide
 'Midst great ships' towering pride ?
Will you for Cæsar's sake all perils dare,
 And all his dangers share ?
What shall we do, who if you live are glad,
 And if you die most sad ?
Altho' you order, can we seek that ease
 Which but with you can please ?
Or shall we sternly brave the toils of war
 Like men who veterans are ?
This shall be borne ; Alps' crests be climbed by us,
 And savage Caucasus.
You will I follow to the West's last sea,
 With breast from terror free.
You ask why I your labour would make light,
 I, weak nor used to fight.
Know that when absent you inspire more fear
 Than when as comrado near ;
So fears a bird the callow brood she left
 Shall be by serpents reft ;
Yet might not she, nor I assistance bear
 If haply present there.
And oh ! how willingly I war would wage

EPODON LIBER.

Carmen I. — AD MÆCENATEM.

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
Amice, propugnacula,
Paratus omne Cæsaris periculum
Subire, Mæcenas, tuo.
Quid nos? quibus te vita si superstite
Jucunda, si contra, gravis.
Utrumne jussi persequemur otium,
Non dulce, ni tecum simul,
An hunc laborem mente laturo, deest
Qua ferre non molles viros?
Feremus et te vel per Alpium juga,
Inhospitalem et Caucasum,
Vel Occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum,
Forti sequemur pectore.
Roges, tuum labore quid juvem meo,
Imbellis ac firmus parum?
Comes minore sum futurus in metu,
Qui major absentes habet;
Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis
Serpentium allapsus timet
Magis relictis, non ut adsit, auxili
Latura plus presentibus.
Libenter hoc et omne militabitur

Could I your thanks engage :
Not that I would with many oxen now
Lands through your bounty plough,
Nor that my flocks in spring, Calabria's sands
Change for Lucanian lands :
Nor would I my white villa should outvie
Your Tuseulum on high.
Me has your bounty given enough and more ;
I would not riches store
Like miser Chremes, in the deep earth placed,
Nor lose in thriftless waste.

Bellum in tuæ spem gratiæ,
Non ut juvencis illigata pluribus
Aratra nitantur mea,
Pecusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum
Lucana mutet pascuis,
Neque ut superni villa candens Tusculi
Circæa tangat mœnia.
Satis superque me benignitas tua
Ditavit: haud paravero
Quod aut avarus ut Chremes terra premam,
Discinctus aut perdam nepos.

Epode II.—THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy the man who far from busy toil
 Of usury thinks no more,
 Whose oxen plough his own paternal soil,
 Like mankind's race of yore.
 Not as a soldier roused by trumpet loud,
 Nor fearing stormy seas ;
 He shuns the courts, and from the threshold proud
 Of wealthy townsmen flees.
 So to the lofty poplars leads his vines,
 Grown old enough to wed ;
 The fruitful grafts he to their place assigns,
 Pruning the branches dead :
 Or watches herds which roam in vales afar,
 And constant lowing keep ;
 Or fresh-pressed honey stores in purest jar,
 Or shears the tender sheep.
 Or when Autumnus lifts mid fields his brow
 With mellow apples crowned ;
 How pleased to pluck the pears from grafted bough,
 Or grapes red gleaming round !
 With which, Priapus, he your shrine supplies,
 And you who boundaries hold,
 Father Silvanus ! Then in thick grass lies,
 Or under ilex old.
 The whilst the runnels flow in channels deep,
 In woods birds plaining sing,

Carmen II.

"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
 Ut prisca gens mortalium,
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
 Solutus omni fenore,
 Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
 Neque horret iratum mare,
 Forumque vitat et superba civium
 Potentiorum limina.
 Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
 Altas maritat populos,
 Inutilesque falce ramos amputans
 Feliciores inserit ;
 Aut in reducta valle mugientium
 Prospectat errantes greges ;
 Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris ;
 Aut tondet infirmas oves ;
 Vel quum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus agris extulit,
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
 Certantem et uvam purpuræ,
 Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
 Silvane, tutor finium !
 Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
 Modo in tenaci gramine.
 Labuntur altis interim ripas aquæ,
 Queruntur in silvis aves,

And trickling springs solicit gentle sleep,
 With waters murmuring.
When Jove the thunderer comes in winter round,
 And gathers storms and snows,
He drives bold wild boars on with many a hound
 To spots where toils oppose.
Or with smooth pole spreads out the fine-wove net,
 For greedy thrush a snare ;
Or booty dear as roving crane may get,
 And take the timid hare.
And where is he who would not cast away
 Ill cares which love still lends,
When a chaste wife his house, with gentle sway,
 And his sweet children tends.
Like Sabine woman or your sunburnt mate,
 Apulia's toiling son !
Dry logs her wearied husband's coming wait
 The sacred hearth upon.
Or fruitful herds with wattles shutting up,
 The milky udder dries ;
From cask of this year's wine then fills the cup,
 And unbought cheer supplies.
Not Lucrine oysters more can me delight,
 Not turbot, nor the scar,
Should winter's wave, by East wind's stormy night,
 Here drive them from afar,
Apulia's grouse nor Guinea fowl more please
 Or more delight bestow
Than olives which I gather from my trees,
 Culled from the richest bough.
Not meadow-sorrel, mallows, plants so good

Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.
At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbres nivesque comparat,
Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane
Apros in obstantes plagas,
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
Turdīs edacibus dolos,
Pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
Jucunda captat præmia.
Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
Hæc inter obliviscitur ?
Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvet
Domum atque dulces liberos,
Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Apuli,
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri,
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera ;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes inemptas apparet :
Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia
Magisve rhombus aut scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hiems ad hoc vertat mare ;
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
Non attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguisissimis
Oliva ramis arborum
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis et gravi

For those of health unsound ;
Lambs slain for Terminus, nor better food
Kid torn from wolf is found.
How pleasant to behold amid such feasts
The well-fed sheep haste home ;
Whilst drawing ploughs upturned the weary beasts,
With necks all drooping, come.
And proof of wealth, the servants ranged about
The glowing hearth within :—

So spake the usurer Alphius, so, no doubt,
Would country life begin.
The Calends see him wish that gold put out
Which he last Ides called in.

Malvæ salubres corpori
Vcl agna festis cæsa Terminalibus
Vcl hædus ereptus lupo.
Has inter epulas et juvat pastas oves
Videre properantes domum,
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido,
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidentes lares.”
Hæc ubi locutus fenerator Alfius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Calendis ponere.

Epode III.

He whose unholy hand shall break
 His aged father's neck, shall take
 Hereafter garlick for the deed ;
 Than hemlock a more noxious weed.
 Ye garlick-eating reaper-throng,
 Your stomachs must be wondrous strong !
 What poison rages round my heart ?
 Did some dire accident impart
 The blood of vipers to those herbs,
 Which there infused, my health disturbs ?
 Or did the witch Canidia cast
 Her spells about this bad repast ?
 That chief, the noblest Argonaut,
 Who to his love Medea brought :
 When he set forth to make his own
 The bulls that yoke had never known ;
 Then doubtless she to Jason gave
 This as an unguent strong to save.
 With this, too, she her vengeance gained
 Through presents which this pest contained,
 And having slain her rival fair,
 On dragon pinions clove the air.

Never have stars with scorching heat
 Thus upon parched Apulia beat ;
 Strong Hercules no hotter found
 That fatal gift his shoulders round.
 Jestling Mæcenas ! If your wish
 Should ever bring you such a dish,
 May the girl's hand your kiss oppose,
 And far from you her eyelids close.

Carmen III.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Parentis olim si quis impia manu
Senile guttur fregerit,
Edit cicutis allium nocentius.
O dura messorum ilia !
Quid hoc veneni sævit in præcordiis ?
Num viperinus his cruor
Incoctus herbis me fefellit ? an malas
Canidia tractavit dapes ?
Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum
Medea mirata est ducem,
Ignota tauris illigaturum juga
Perunxit hoc Iasonem ;
Hoc delibutis ulta donis pellicem
Serpento fugit alite.
Nec tantus unquam siderum insedit vapor
Siticulosæ Apuliæ,
Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
Inarsit æstuosius.
At, si quid unquam tale concupiveris,
Jocose Mæccnas, precor,
Manum puella savio opponat tuo,
Extrema et in sponda cubet,

Epode IV.—TO MENAS, FREEDMAN OF POMPEY
THE GREAT.

Like hatred there must ever be
 'Twixt wolves and lambs, 'twixt you and me ;
 Your side the scars of scourging shews ;
 Your legs the fetter's mark disclose.
 Altho' you walk with purse-proud mind,
 No fortune changes race and kind.
 As through the Sacred Way you stride,
 In trailing toga six ells wide,
 Do you not note each passer by
 Glance freely, and indignant cry—
 " He ! By triumvir's scourges scored,
 " Whom wearied criers still abhorred !
 " Shall *he* Falcernian acres turn,
 " Shall *his* horse hoofs the Appian spurn,
 " Take the first seats, a famous knight,
 " And to do Otho's law despite ?
 " What use is there in sending now
 " The heavy galley's brazen prow
 " Against the robber and the slave ?
 " He—Tribune of our soldiers brave !

Carmen IV.—IN MENAM.

Lapis et agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
 Tecum mihi discordia est,
 Ibericis peruste funibus latus
 Et crura dura compede.
 Licet superbus ambules pecunia,
 Fortuna non mutat genus.
 Videsne, Sacram metiente te viam
 Cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
 Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
 Liberrima indignatio?
 "Sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus
 Præconis ad fastidium
 Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera
 Et Appiam mannis terit,
 Sedilibusquo magnus in primis eques
 Othone contempto sedet!
 Quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
 Rostrata duci pondere
 Contra latrones atque servilem manum,
 Hoc, hoc tribuno militum?"

Epode v.

“Ye Gods! Whoever rules on high earth and the
human race,

“What means this noise, and why on me, is bent
each cruel face?

“I pray you, by your sons, if e'er Lucina brought you
aid,

“Or by the purple robe I wear, tho' vainly I'm afraid;

“By Jove, who all such deeds must blame, why do
your looks reveal

“The hatred of a curst step-dame or wild beast
pierced with steel?”

After the boy, with trembling lip, thus poured his
plaint and prayer,

Him of his ornaments they strip; his body smooth
and fair

Might melt a Thracian's cruelty: Canidia now around
Her hair, which hung uncombed and free, small
writhing vipers wound,

Then orders them wild figs to bring from sepulchres
uptorn,

With cypress graves o'ershadowing, funereal and
forlorn:

And eggs with foul toad's blood besmeared, plumes
which the night owl wears,

Herbs poison-bearing Spain had reared, or which
Iolchos bears;

Carmen v.—IN CANIDIAM VENEVICAM.

"At, o Deorum quidquid in cœlo regit
 Terras et humanum genus,
 Quid iste fert tumultus? aut quid omnium
 Vultus in unum me truces?
 Per liberos te, si vocata partibus
 Lucina veris affuit,
 Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor,
 Per improbaturum hæc Jovem,
 Quid ut noverca me intueris aut uti
 Petita ferro bellua?"
 Ut hæc trementi questus ore constitit
 Insignibus raptis puer,
 Impube corpus, quale posset impia
 Mollire Thracum pectora,
 Canidia brevibus implicata vipevis
 Crines et incomptum caput,
 Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas,
 Jubet cupressus funebres
 Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine
 Plumamque nocturnæ strigis
 Herbasque, quas Iolcus atque Iberia
 Mittit venenorum ferax,
 Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis,
 Flammis aduri Colchicis.
 At expedita Sagana per totam domum
 Spargens Avernales aquas

Bones torn from jaw of hungry hound, in Colchic
flames to burn.
Now Sagana quick sprinkles round, o'er all the place
in turn,
Waters from dark Avernus' lake; her hair all roughly
twines,
So running wild boar's bristles shake, or a sea urchin's
spines;
No pangs of conscience Veia stay, groaning with toil
she clears
With solid spade the earth away: the trench which
now appears
Shall soon the buried boy enfold; he through a weary
time
Dying, those dainties shall behold, thrice changed to
aid their crime,
When o'er the earth his face shall rise, like swimmers
o'er the wave,
Whilst liver burns and marrow fries within that
living grave,
They in love philtres must combine a cup with these
imbued,
Whilst his strained eyeballs waste and pine for that
forbidden food.
Neapolis for pleasure famed, and every neighbouring
town
Folia of Rimini thee named of dissolute renown;
She by her words Thessalian, might, and incantations
dire,
Draw the moon down from Heaven's height, and make
the stars retire.

Horret capillis ut marinus asperis
 Echinus aut currens aper.
 Abacta nulla Vicia conscientia,
 Ligonibus duris humum
 Exhaustabat ingemens laboribus,
 Quo posset infossus puer
 Longo die bis terque mutatae dapis
 Inemori spectaculo,
 Quum promineret ore, quantum exstant aqua
 Suspensa mento corpora ;
 Exsucta uti medulla et aridum jecur
 Amoris esset poculum,
 Interminato quum semel fixæ cibo
 Intabuissent populæ.
 Non defuisse masculæ libidines
 Ariminensem Foliam
 Et otiosa credidit Neapolis
 Et omne vicinum oppidum,
 Quæ sidera excantata voco Thessala
 Lunamque cœlo deripit.
 Hic irsectum sæva dente livido
 Canidia rodens pollicem
 Quid dixit aut quid tacuit ? “ O rebus meis
 Non infideles arbitræ,
 Nox et Diana, quæ silentium regis,
 Arcana quum fiunt sacra,
 Nunc nunc adeste, nunc in hostiles domos
 Iram atque numen vertite !
 Formidolosis dum latent silvis feræ
 Dulci sopore languidæ,
 Senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum

Canidia now with livid tooth fierce her long thumb-
nail bites.

What said, or said she not, forsooth? “O ye of all
my rites

“The faithful witnesses! O night! and thou too,
Hecate!

“Who silence rulest, hear aright, now, now both
present be;

“Now turn your anger and your power on houses of
our foes,

“Whilst hid in woods, at this still hour, the wearied
beasts repose;

“Whom all men jeer, let him be bayed by each
Suburran cur,

“Tho’ unguents strong as mine pervade that old
adulterer.

“But what has happened? why less dire do my dread
poisons flow

“Than did Medea’s, when her ire revenged upon her
foe,

“Great Creon’s daughter, fast she fled, and flames her
rival killed,

“Around her wrapt that garment dread—a robe with
poison filled?

“I have not missed a root or herb among rough places
found,

“But Varus sleeps on undisturbed, in heedless pleasure
drowned.

“Perhaps he walks, ah, ah! let loose by mightier
sorceress,

“Varus, for unknown potions use, shall mourn his
foolishness;

Latrent Suburanæ canes
 Nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
 Meæ laborarint manus.—
 Quid accidit? Cur dira barbaræ minus
 Venena Medeæ valent?
 Quibus superbam fugit ultra pellicem,
 Magni Creontis filiam,
 Quum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
 Incendio nuptam abstulit.
 Atqui nec herba nec latens in asperis
 Radix fefellit mo locis.
 Indormit nectis omnium cubilibus
 Oblivione pellicum.
 Ah ah! solutus ambulat veneficæ
 Scientioris carmine!
 Non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
 O multa fleturum caput,
 Ad me recurre nec vocata mens tua
 Marsis redibit vocibus.
 Majus parabo, majns infndam tibi
 Fastidienti poculum,
 Priusque cœlum sidet inferius mari,
 Tellure porrecta super,
 Quam non amoro sic meo flagres uti
 Bitumen atris ignibus.”—
 Sub hæc puer jam non ut ante mollibus
 Lenire verbis impias,
 Sed dubius unde rumperet silentium
 Misit Thyesteas preces:
 “Venena magnnm fas nefasque non valent
 Convertero humanam vicem;

“To me he will return, his mind no Marsian spell
shall move :

“Some spell more potent will I find for him who
spurns my love.

“And Heaven beneath the sea shall turn, with earth
above it spread,

“Ere he with *my* love fail to burn, as burns this
pitch dark red.”

No more the boy, with soothings meek, to bend these
impious tried,

But, doubtful what he first shall speak (so cursed
Thyestes), cried

“Poisons all right and wrong confound, nor change
our human lot,

“And you I throw my curses round, victims shall
soothe me not.

“When I by your commands expire, a fury in the
night,

“I’ll seek your face with talons dire, such is a Manes’
might ;

“And sitting on each beating heart, will steal your
sleep away :

“With stones, a mob from every part these beldames
lewd shall slay.

“With hawks Esquilian, wolves shall tear limbs
which no burial see ;

“My parents this strange sight shall share, alas !
surviving me.”

Diris agam vos ; dira detestatio
 Nulla expiatur victima.
Quin, ubi perire jussus exspiravero,
 Nocturnus occurram furor
Petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus,
 Quæ vis Deorum est manium,
Et inquietis assidens præcordiis
 Pavore somnos auferam.
Vos turba vicitim hinc et hinc saxis petens
 Contundet obscenas anus.
Post insepulta membra different lupi
 Et Esquilinæ alites ;
Neque hoc parentes heu mihi superstites
 Effugerit spectaculum.”

EPODE VI.—TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

Dog as you are, why harass thus, strangers devoid
of blame,
Whilst against wolves a coward; why not myself
defame,
And if you dare, why not on me pour forth your
empty spite?
Why not seek one whom well you know again is
sure to bite?
For I, like a Molossian or Laconian tawny hound,
An aid so loved by shepherds when deep snows
spread around,
With prick ears follow flying beasts; but when you
fill the wood
With dreadful voice, you turn aside and sniff the
proffered food.
Beware, beware, for like a bull, I raise the horn
prepared,
Most fierce against ill doers, like him Lycambes dared
Falsely discard as son-in-law; like Bupalus' fierce foe,
What! shall I only boy-like weep while bites un-
punished go?

Carmen VI.—IN INIMICUM.

Quid immerentes hospites vexas canis
Ignavus adversum lupos ?
Quin huc inanos, si potes, vertis minas,
Et me remorsurum petis.
Nam qualis aut Molossus aut fulvus Lacon,
Amica vis pastoribus,
Agam per altas aure sublata nives,
Quæcunque præcedet fera ;
Tu, quum timenda voce complesti nemus,
Projectum odoraris cibum.
Cave, cave : namque in malos asperrimus
Parata tollo cornua,
Qualis Lycambæ spretus infido gener
Aut acer hostis Bupalò.
An, si quis atro dente mo petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer ?

EPODE VII.—TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

ON THE CIVIL WAR AGAINST BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Where are ye rushing? O ye wicked! Where?
 Swords lately sheathed why do your right hands bare?
 O'er land and sea your blood is poured in turn.
 Not that the towers of Carthage you may burn,
 Nor that the unconquered Briton may descend
 The sacred way, in chains, is now your end;
 But that to aid the prayer of Parthian bands
 Your Rome may perish by your own right hands.
 In wolves or lions no such strife we find,
 Only in beasts which differ in their kind.
 Is it blind rage, or some superior power?
 Is it your founder's crimes which o'er you lower?
 Speak! All are silent, deadly pale each face,
 Their minds are stupified by known disgrace.
 It must be so; harsh fate dogs Roman guilt,
 And vexes us for blood of brother spilt.
 Since Remus first did undeserving bleed
 We, his descendants, expiate the deed.

Carmen VII.—AD ROMANOS.

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis ? aut cur dexteris
 Aptantur enses conditi ?
 Parumne campis atque Neptūno super
 Fusum est Latini sanguinis ?
 Non, ut superbas invidæ Carthaginis
 Romanus arces ureret,
 Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
 Sacra catenatus via,
 Sed ut secundum vota Parthorum sua
 Urbs hæc periret dextera.
 Neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus
 Unquam nisi in dispar feris.
 Furorne cæcus, an rapit vis acrior ?
 An culpa ? Responsum date !—
 Tacent et albus ora pallor inficit
 Mentisque perculsæ stupent.
 Sic est : acerba fata Romanos agunt
 Sclusque fraternæ necis,
 Ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
 Sacer nepotibus cruor.

Epode IX. — TO MÆCENAS.

When shall I drink the Cæuban laid by
 For feasts, Mæcenas blest,
 Grateful to Jove for Cæsar's victory,
 Thy lofty mansion's guest,
 With thee now singing to the sounding lyre,
 Then to the pipe again?
 The first a Dorian measure will require,
 The next a Phrygian strain.
 As late befel when Pompey's shattered fleet
 Was chased from Sicily;
 His vessels burnt, he made his quick retreat,
 Tho' son of Neptune he!
 And threatened then the citizens to bind
 With chains he kindly drew
 From faithless slaves! These Romans! shall we find
 Our children think it true?
 That they who thus a woman's slaves became
 Should now as soldiers bear
 Their arms and stakes, nor feel such serviee shame
 With wrinkled eunuchs there?
 Shame that the sun a canopy should see—
 A woman's tent appear
 'Midst warlike standards; hark! tho Gauls agree,
 Two thousand horsemen cheer,
 Declare for Cæsar as this sight they view
 Indignant, whilst swift fly

Carmen IX.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Quando repostum Cæcubum ad festas dapes
Victore lætus Cæsare
Tecum sub alta, sic Jovi gratum, domo,
Beate Mæcenas, bibam,
Sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyra,
Hac Dorium, illis barbarum?
Ut nuper, actus quum freto Neptunius
Dux fugit ustis navibus,
Minatus Urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat
Servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus, eheu, posterī negabitis,
Emancipatus feminae,
Fert vallum et arma miles et spadonibus
Servire rugosis potest!
Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol adspicit conopium!
At hoc frementes, verterunt bis mille equos
Galli, canentes Cæsarem,
Hostiliumque navium portu latent
Puppes sinistrorsum citæ.
Io Triumphē! tu moraris aureos
Currus et intactas boves?
Io Triumphē! nec Jugurthino parem
Bello reportasti ducem,
Neque Africanum, cui super Carthaginem
Virtus sepulchrum condidit.

The hostile prows, row to the left each crew,
 And safe in harbour lie.
 Triumph! Unbroken oxen would you stay,
 The chariots bright with gold?
 Triumph! Jugurtha's war, like ours to-day,
 No leader might behold.
 Not Scipio, tho' his tomb in Carthage stand,
 Reared by his courage high.
 Our foe in grief for loss by sea and land
 Laid his gay garments by:
 Whether to hundred-citied Crete he fled,
 Fighting with adverse winds,
 Or to the Syrtes, vexed by South gales sped,
 Or unknown oceans finds.
 So hither bring your largest goblets, boy,
 Filled high with Lesbian wine
 And Chian, and to heighten more our joy
 Bring Cæcuban divine;
 That juice pour forth which neither cloy nor harms,
 So we may drink our fill,
 To banish care for Cæsar, and alarms,
 'Tis well good wine to spill.

Terra marique victus hostis Punico
Lugubre mutavit sagum.
Aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus
Ventis iturus non suis,
Exercitatas aut petit Syrtes Noto,
Aut fertur incerto mari.
Capaciores affer huc, puer, scyphos
At Chia vina aut Lesbia,
Vel, quod fluentem nauscam coërceat,
Mctire nobis Cæcubum.
Curam metumque Cæsaris rerum juvat
Dulci Lyæo solvere.

Epode x.—ON THE POET MÆVIUS.

May that ship find no favouring gales
In which unsavoury Mævius sails ;
South wind ! let all your tempests meet,
And on that vessel's bulwarks beat ;
Black East ! where tumbling billows strive,
Her broken oars and cables drive ;
North wind ! arise, let fall such strokes
As break high mountains' shaking oaks.
Let no star shine with friendly light
When sad Orion sinks in night,
And let her path across the sea,
Like victor Greeks', uncasy be,
When Pallas' wrath for Ilium burned
On Ajax' impious ship was turned.
How do your crew with labour fail,
How does your cheek turn yellow-pale,
With no unmanly cry suppress'd
And prayers to adverse Jove address :
When 'neath the moist South groaning dark
Ionia's gulf hath rent your bark !
Oh ! that the sea bird's dainty prey,
On the curved shore, your body lay !
A wanton goat, a lamb, should bleed
To all the storm-gods for the deed.

Carmen X.—IN MÆVIUM POETAM.

Mala soluta navis exit alite
Ferens olentem Mævium.
Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
Auster, memento fluctibus.
Niger rudentes Eurus inverso mari
Fractosque remos differat.
Insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
Frangit trementes ilices.
Nec sidus atra nocte amicum appareat,
Qua tristis Orion cadit :
Quietioro nec feratur æquore,
Quam Graia victorum manus,
Quum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
In impiam Ajacis ratem.
O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis
Tibique pallor luteus
Et illa non virilis ejulatio,
Preces et aversum ad Jovem,
Ionius udo quum remugiens sinus
Noto carinam ruperit !
Opima quod si præda curvo litore
Porrecta mergos juveris,
Libidinosus immolabitur caper
Et agna Tempestatibus.

Epode XI.—TO PETTIUS.

Pettius, not me, as once of yore, it pleases
 Verses to write, with love now sorely striken,
 With love which me beyond all others seizes,
 Which tender girls with ardent glances quicken ;
 This third Deeember now lays bare the woods
 Since for Inachia I ceased my raging ;
 Alas ! (such scandal shames me) my queer moods
 Were all the town with rumours strange engaging :
 I blush to think of sighs 'mid messmates rising
 From lowest breast ; sad silence telling love ;
 How I complained, as of a fact surprising,
 That she held gain my learning far above ;
 When warmth of babbling wine from me had riven
 Things which my heart's most inmost secrets were.
 But if my heart, to hottest anger driven,
 Should all my sighs and tears disperse in air
 Because unto my wounds no solace bearing,
 With my rich rivals I could not contend.
 When I to you was thus so sternly swearing,
 And me with faltering step you home would send,
 At your command I was not homeward speeding,
 To no kind door my devious way I take ;
 Alas ! to her hard threshold, door misleading !
 I wend, where back and sides were made one ache.
 Now a new love my every thought engages,
 Nor friendship's chidings can from this allure ;
 Yet, judging by the past, my mind presages
 Some fairer damsel may this passion cure.

Carmen XI.—AD PETTIUM.

Petti, nihil me sicut antea juvat
 Scribere versiculos, amore percussum gravi,
 Amore, qui me præter omnes expetit
 Mollibus in pueris aut in puellis urere.
 Hic tertius Decembris, ex quo destiti
 Inachia frnere, silvis honorem decentit.
 Heu me, per urbem, nam pudet tanti mali,
 Fabula quanta fui! Conviviorum et pœnitet;
 In quîs amantem languor et silentium
 Arguit et latere petitus imo spiritus.
 Contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
 Pauperis ingenium? querebar applorans tibi;
 Simul valentis inverecundus Deus
 Fervidiore mero areana promorat loco.
 Quod si meis inæstuet præcordiis
 Libera bilis, ut hæc ingrata ventis dividat
 Fomenta vulnus nil malum levantia,
 Desinet imparibus certare sumnotus pudor.
 Ubi hæc severus te palam laudaveram,
 Jussus abire domum ferebar incerto pede
 Ad non amicos, heu! mihi postes et heu!
 Limina dura, quibus lumbos et infregi latus.
 Nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
 Vincere mollitie amor Lyeisci me tenet;
 Unde expedire non amicorum queant
 Libera consilia nec contumeliæ graves,
 Sed alius ardor aut puellæ candidæ
 Aut teretis pueri longam renodantis comam.

Epode XIII.—TO HIS FRIENDS.

A horrid tempest shuts out all the sky,
And Jove descends in snow and rain and cloud.
The sea and forests feel, swift hurrying by,
The Thracian Northern blast, and groan aloud.
Friends, the day's opportunity pursue
While knees are supple, and no shame is known;
Let sadness' clouded brow relax for you;
Pass round the wine pressed in the time long flown,
When Consul was Torquatus, and the light
I first beheld; all troubles leave alone;
Jove yet by kindly change may set things right.
With Achæmenian nard we now desire
To anoint ourselves, and from our breasts to fling
Fell care by help of the Cyllenian lyre;
So was the noble Centaur wont to sing
To his great pupil: "You unconquered boy,
A mortal, yet immortal Thetis' son,
Hereafter you must reach the land of Troy,
Where Simois swift and cold Scamander run;
The Fates' cross-thread your safe return denies,
Nor can your azure mother bring you thence.
From wine and song sad melancholy flies,
Let their sweet cheer drive ugly sorrow hence."

Carmen XIII.—AD AMICOS.

Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit et imbres
 Nivesque deducunt Jovem ; nunc mare, nunc silvæ
 Threicio Aquilone sonant. Rapiamus, amici,
 Occasionem de die, dumque virent genua
 Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
 Tu vina Torquato move consule pressa meo.
 Cetera mitte loqui : Deus hæc fortasse benigna
 Reducet in sedem vice. Nunc et Achæmenio
 Perfundi nardo juvat et fide Cyllenea
 Levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus ;
 Noblis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno :
 “ Invicte, mortalis Dea nate puer Thetide,
 Te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
 Findunt Scamandri flumina, lubricus et Simoïs ;
 Unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcæ
 Rupere, nec mater domum cœrula te revehet.
 Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
 Deformis ægrimoniam dulcibus alloquiis.”

Carmen XIV.—AD MÆCENATEM.

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
Oblivionem sensibus,
Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos
Arente fauce traxerim,
Candide Mæcenas, occidis sæpe rogando :
Deus, Deus nam me vetat
Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos
Ad umbilicum adducere.
Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teïum,
Qui persæpe cava testudine flevit amorem
Non elaboratum ad pedem.
Urcris ipse miser : quod si non pulchrior ignis
Accendit obsessam Ilion,
Gaude sorte tua ; me libertina neque uno
Contenta Phryne macerat.

Epode xv.—TO NEÆRA.

'Twas night, mid lesser stars on high,
 The moon shone bright in cloudless sky,
 When in *my* words you swore to me,
 (You, soon to wound the deity
 Of mighty Gods) and clasped me round,
 As ilex is with ivy bound—
 “Whilst cruel wolves shall scare the sheep,
 “And troubled sailors on the deep
 “Watch fierce Orion stir the seas,
 “And while the gently-blowing breeze
 “Shall lift Apollo’s flowing hair,
 “Nought shall our mutual love impair.”
 Neæra! grieving soon to find
 That I can shew so firm a mind.—
 If Flæceus aught of man retain,
 He will no more with nightly pain
 See you upon another wait,
 But seek him out a truer mate—
 And he will all your charms despise
 If real anger once arise.
 My rival! Now exulting go,
 Proud in the evil you bestow,
 And rich in herds and lands, behold
 For you Pactolus pour his gold:
 Nor shall Pythagoras deceive
 You that his mysteries believe,
 How, when by death from daylight torn,
 You here again may live, reborn.
 Go, Nireus by your form subdued
 Alas! you soon will have to rue,
 Finding her love to others range;
 Then I shall laugh to see the change.

Carmen XV.—AD NEÆRAM.

Nox erat, et cœlo fulgebat Luna sereno
 Inter minora sidera,
 Quum tu magnorum numen læsura Deorum
 In verba jurabas mea,
 Arctius atque hedera procera adstringitur ilex,
 Lentis adhærens brachiis :
 Dum pecori lupus et nautis infestus Orion
 Turbaret hibernum mare,
 Intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
 Fore hunc amorem mutuum.
 O dolitura mea multum virtute Neæra !
 Nam si quid in Flacco viri est,
 Non feret assiduas potiori te dare noctes,
 Et quæret iratus parem :
 Nec semel offensæ cedet constantia formæ,
 Si certus intrarit dolor.
 Et tu, quicumque es felicior atque meo nunc
 Superbus incedis malo,
 Sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit
 Tibique Pactolus fluat,
 Nec te Pythagoræ fallant arcana renati,
 Forma que vincas Nirea,
 Eheu translatos alio mærebis amores :
 Ast ego vicissim risero.

Epode XVI.—TO THE ROMANS.

A civil war now wounds another age,
 And Rome is ruined by her own strong hands ;
 Such loss not border Marsians in their rage
 Could deal, not Porsena's Etrurian bands ;
 Not Capua, so jealous of our might ;
 Nor cruel Spartacus, nor faithless Gaul ;
 Not blue-eyed German youths so fierce in fight ;
 Nor Hannibal who parents could appal.
 An impious age—Devoted blood shall flow,
 Again to wild beasts' haunts our land shall turn ;
 Some savage victor o'er Rome's ashes go,
 And with resounding hoofs the city spurn :
 And, sight accursed, the bones of Romulus
 Shall scatter in his pride to wind and sun.
 Many a citizen may ask of us
 How we such dire calamities would shun.
 No better counsel seems than this, to flee
 Wherever feet may bear, or south wind blow,
 Or Afric's stormy gale ; example be
 Phocæa's race devoted, flying so :
 Who left their Lares and resigned their fanes
 To be the greedy wolves' and wild boars' lair.
 This I advise, what better scheme remains ?
 Why pause—nor climb the ship, with omens fair ?
 First we should swear we never back will go
 Till stoues from deepest ocean floating come ;

Carmen XVI.—AD POPULUM ROMANUM.

Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,
 Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit,
 Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,
 Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus,
 Æmula nec virtus Capuæ nec Spartacus acer
 Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox,
 Nec fera cærulea domuit Germania pube
 Parentibusque abominatus Hannibal,
 Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas,
 Ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.
 Barbarus heu cineres insistet victor et urbem
 Eques sonante verberabit ungula,
 Quæque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
 Nefas videre ! dissipabit insolens.
 Forte quid expediat communiter aut melior pars
 Malis carere quaeritis laboribus :
 Nulla sit hac potior sententia, Phocæorum
 Velut profugit exsecrata civitas
 Agros atque Lares patrios habitandaque fana
 Apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis,
 Ire pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
 Notus vocabit aut protervus Africus.
 Sic placet ? an melius quis habet suadere ? Secunda
 Ratem occupare quid moramur alite ?
 Sed juremus in hæc : simul imis saxa renarint
 Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas ;

Till Padus o'er Matina's summit flow,
 We still must loathe to bend our sails for home ;
 Till lofty Appenine in ocean sink ;
 Till beasts unlike in kind shall join as mates,
 Strange love ; till stags with tigers fain would link ;
 Till gentle dove the wooing hawk awaits ;
 Till goats grow smooth and love the briny deep ;
 Nor trusting herds shall tawny lions fear.
 Vow all which you from sweet return may keep ;
 None but the unruly mob should linger here ;
 The wise will go ! let a soft hopeless few
 Linger behind in this ill-omened seat ;
 Be all weak women's tears unknown to you,
 Quickly beyond these Tusean shores retreat.
 Ours all surrounding ocean ; we, the fields,
 The happy fields, must seek, and blessed isles
 Where earth untilled each year a harvest yields ;
 The unpruned vine there ever fruitful smiles,
 And never there the fig and olive fail ;
 From out the hollow ilex honey flows,
 Streams from the heights run murmuring to the vale ;
 The goat unbidden to the milking goes,
 Ever with milk her friendly udder swells ;
 No bears at evening round the sheepfold growl,
 No heaving soil of lurking vipers tells.
 Much shall we, blest, admire. Here ne'er will howl
 The watery east, baring the field with rain ;
 No fruitful seeds will parch in arid clod,
 But heavenly Jove a temperate clime maintain.
 No Argo here ; ne'er Colchic harlot trod.
 Sidonian sailors here have never sailed ;

Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina layerit cacumina,
In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenminus,
Novaque monstra junxerit libidine
Mirus amor, juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
Adulteretur et columba miluo,
Credula nec rivos timeant armenta leones,
Ametque salsa levis hircus æquora.
Hæc, et quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
Eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
Aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
Inominata perprimat cubilia!
Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca præter et volate litora.
Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites et insulas,
Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis
Et imputata floret usque vinea,
Germinat et nunquam fallentis termes olivæ,
Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
Mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
Levis crepante lympa desilit pede.
Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;
Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
Neque intumescit alta viperis humus.
Pluraque felices mirabimur: ut neque largis
Aquosus Euris arva radat imbribus,
Pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glebis,
Utrumque rege temperante cœlitum.
Non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus,

No tired companions of Ulysses came ;
Contagion ne'er against the flocks prevailed ;
No star has scorched the herds with rays of flame.
Jove set apart these shores for pious men,
When he alloyed with brass the golden age,
And then with iron hardened it again ;
Whence for the good I happy flight presage.

Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem ;
Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,
Laboriosa nec cohors Ulixei.
Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia.
Jupiter illa piæ secrevit litora genti,
Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum ;
Ære, dehinc ferro duravit secula : quorum
Piis secunda vate me datur fuga,

Epode XVII.—TO CANIDIA.

There, take my hand, I yield at length
 To cunning and to magic strength ;
 By realms of Proserpine I pray,
 By Dian's power which all obey,
 And by your spells to which is given
 The might to draw the stars from heaven ;
 No more, Canidia, curses deal,
 Quickly reverse your magic wheel.
 Achilles was induced by prayer
 The haughty Telephus to spare,
 Who 'gainst him had his Mysians brought,
 And him with sharpest weapons sought.
 Burial the Trojan matrons gave,
 And due anointing for the grave
 To warlike Hector, tho' he lay
 To savage dogs and birds a prey,
 When Priam left his Trojan seat,
 And knelt at stern Achilles' feet.
 His rowers changed each bristly limb
 Which Circe gave, through prayer of him
 Their daring chief Ulysses, who
 So many toils and dangers knew,
 Their speech, their reason they obtained,
 And each his proper face regained.
 You by each merchant, sailor, sought
 Enough of ill on me have wrought :

Carmen XVII.—AD CANIDIAM.

Jam jam efficaci do manus scientiæ,
Supplex et oro regna per Proserpinæ,
Per et Dianæ non movenda numina,
Pet atque libros carminum valentium
Refixa cœlo devocare sidera,
Canidia, parce vocibus tandem sacris
Citumque retro solve solve turbinem.
Movit nepotem Telephus Nereïum,
In quem superbus ordinarat agmina
Mysorum et in quem tela acuta torserat.
Unxere matres Iliæ addictum feris
Alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
Postquam relictis mœnibus rex procidit
Heu pervicacis ad pedes Achillei.
Setosa duris exuere pellibus
Laboriosi remiges Ulixei
Volente Circa membra; tunc mens et sonus
Relapsus atque notus in vultus honor.
Dedi satis superque pœnarum tibi,
Amata nautis multum et institoribus.
Fugit juvenas et verecundus color

I lose my youth, the tint I had,
My bones in livid skin are clad,
Your charms to white have turned my hair
I have no rest from pain and care,
No peace is mine by day or night ;
I cannot draw my breath aright.
What I denied, now forced to find
That Samnite charms can rule the mind,
And Marsian verse the brain can turn.
What more ? O sea ! O earth ! I burn ;
Not Nessus blood with poison black
Did Hereules so fiereely rack,
More raging hot than *Ætna's* flame ;
Yet till dry cinder I became
By blasting winds, I know your skill
All Colchic poisons could distil.
Where will it end ? and quickly say
What penalty I have to pay,
'Tis soon acquitted, small or great
I am prepared to expiate.
Should you a hundred steers require
Or praise from my mendacious lyre,
Honest and chaste, a golden sign
You 'midst the stars shall move and shine.
When Castor and his brother great,
Offended at their sister's fate,
Destroyed the hapless poet's sight
Who dared the shame of Helen write ;
Yet, they subdued, when prayer was poured,
The eyes themselves destroyed, restored.
Do you, whom all the powers obey,

Reliquit ossa pelle amicta lurida ;
Tuis capillus albus est odoribus,
Nullum ab labore me reclinat otium ;
Urget diem nox et dies noctem, neque est
Levare tenta spiritu præcordia.
Ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,
Sabella pectus increpare carmina
Caputque Marsa dissilire nonia.
Quid amplius vis? O mare! o terra! ardeo,
Quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
Nessi cruore, nec Sicana fervida
Virens in Ætna flamma ; tu, donec cinis
Injuriosis aridus ventis ferar,
Cales venenis officina Colchicis.
Quæ finis aut quod me manet stipendium ?
Effare : jussas cum fide pœnas luam,
Paratus expiare, seu poposceris
Centum juvencos, sive mendaci lyra
Voles sonari : tu pudica, tu proba
Perambulabis astra sidus aureum.
Infamis Helenæ Castor offensus vicem,
Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece
Adempta vati reddidere lumina.
Et tu, potes nam, solve me dementia,
O nec paternis obsoleta sordibus,

Dispel my madness when I pray,
You of no lowly parents born,
Who graves have never open torn,
Nor ever on the ninth day spread
Witch-like the ashes of the dead !
A kind heart yours, a guiltless hand,
Fruitful amidst your sex you stand,
Oft after healthy birth for you
The midwife shall her task pursue.

Neque in sepulchris pauperum prudens anus

Novendiales dissipare pulveres.

Tibi hospitale pectus et puræ manus,

Tuusque venter Pactumeius, et tuo

Cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,

Utcunque fortis exsilis puerpera.

EPODE XVIII.—CANIDIA'S REPLY.

Why speak your prayers to ears fast closed?
Rocks, when to wintry seas opposed,
Are not more deaf 'mid ocean's roar
To vows which naked sailors pour.
And do you think that I shall spare
Him who the mysteries lays bare,
Or sneers at dark Cotytto's rites,
She who in lawless love delights?
And shall you unavenged proclaim
And fill the city with my name,
As if you were, at very least,
The Esquilinean witches' priest?
What profit will it prove that I
With gold Pelignian crones supply,
That I may poisons swifter gain?
But you shall linger on in pain,
Henceforth your wretched life shall be
Merely exchange of misery.
For rest seeks Pelops' faithless sire
Who ever must the feast desire;
Prometheus, doomed the bird to feed,
Still seeks some rest from vulture's greed,
And Sisyphus his stone would prop,
And rest upon the mountain's top;
But still the laws of Jove say—No;
You would yourself from high towers throw;

Carmen XVIII.—RESPONSIO.

CAN. Quid obseratis auribus fundis preces ?
 Non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
 Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo,
 Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia
 Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,
 Et Esquilini pontifex venefici
 Impune ut Urbem nomine impleris meo ?
 Quid proderat ditasse Pelignas anus,
 Velociusve miscuisset toxicum ?
 Sed tardiora fata te votis manent :
 Ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
 Novis ut usquo suppetas laboribus.
 Optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater
 Egens benignæ Tantalus semper dapis,
 Optat Prometheus obligatus aliti,
 Optat supremo collocaro Sisyphus
 In monte saxum ; sed vetant leges Jovis.
 Voles modo altis desilire turribus,
 Modo ense pectus Norico recludere,
 Frustraquo vinela gutturi neces tuo
 Fastidiosa tristi ægrimonia.

Now pierce your breast with Noric sword,
Or vainly seek the stifling cord,
Lamenting all your wretched harms ;
But I, through my all-powerful charms
Shall on your hated shoulders ride,
And spurn the earth in haughty pride
Shall I who can such motion give
That waxen figures seem to live,
As you so prying know full well—
Shall I, who by my voice's spell
To draw the moon from heaven have learnt
And life renew in corpses burnt,—
Who love draughts mix—shall I deplore
That you obey my arts no more ?

Vectabor humeris tunc ego inimicis eques,
Mecque terra cedit insolentia.
An quæ movere cereas imagines ;
Ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
Deripere Lunam vocibus possim meis,
Possim crematos excitare mortuos
Desiderîque temperare pocula,
Plorem artis in te nil agentis exitus ?

SATIRES. BOOK I.

Satire I.

How is it that we find, my friend Mæenas,
No man contented with his proper lot ?
Whether by reason led he may be seen as
Guided by choice, or chance gave all he got ;
But praising all pursuits beside, as keen as
If he loved best whatever he is not.
Happy, ye merchants, the old soldier cries,
As, worn with age and many toils, he lies.

The merchant, when south winds his ship have
shaken,
“ Better the soldier’s fate,” is heard to cry ;
“ He fights ; in one short hour his life is taken,
“ Or that same hour brings glorious victory.”
The skilful lawyer, whom his clients waken
At cock-crow, thinks, “ Now farmers easy lie :”
By sureties forced from home, the country elown,
Deems they alone are blest who live in town.

Others like these, so numerous the kind,
To count, loquacious Fabius would tire ;
Lest I detain you, hear what hence I find.
Should any god cry, “ Have your own desire,

LIBER PRIMUS.

Satira 1.

Qui fit, Mæconas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentes ?
“ O fortunati mercatores ! ” gravis annis
Miles ait multo jam fractus membra labore.
Contra mercator, navem jactantibus Austris :
“ Militia est potior. Quid enim ? concurritur : hora
Momento cita mors venit aut victoria læta.”
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
Ille datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cetera do genere hoc, adea sunt multa, loquacem
Delassaro valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi,
Quo rem deducam. Si quis Deus, “ En ego,” dicat,
“ Jam faciam quod vultis : cris tu, qui modo miles,

“Let soldier merchant turn, let lawyer, hind :
 “With changed condition, all may now retire.”
 Ah! then, why stay? The offer all refuse,
 Nor to be happy, as they fancied, choose.

Should not, then, angry Jove both checks out-
 swell
 Against such men? nor, henceforth hear their
 prayer?
 But I no more in jest such things must tell.
 Tho’ to tell jesting truths I need not spare :
 Kind masters thus to teach young pupils well ;
 Let them sometimes the welcome cheese-cake
 share.
 But things more serious we must now provide,
 And gravely write, and joking throw aside.

He with strong plough who turns the heavy soil,
 Or fraudulent vintner, soldier, sailor bold
 Who navigates each sea, all say they toil
 With this one wish, to rest secure when old ;
 When each has gained enough of pelf or spoil.
 The little ant may as example hold,
 Who with laborious mouth her heap collects,
 And, wisely cautious, future days expects ;

But when Aquarius chills the rolling year,
 No longer hides, but useful makes her store ;
 Whilst summer heats nor winter colds appear
 To drive *you* from your gain, nor iron, nor
 Fire, nor the sea ; no adverse thing you fear
 If any lives who than yourself has more.
 What are great heaps of gold or silver worth
 Hid by you, timid miser, deep in earth ?

Mercator ; tu, consultus modo, rusticus : hinc vos,
 Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eia !
 Quid statis ? ” nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.
 Quid causæ est, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas
 Iratus buccas inflet neque se fore posthac
 Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem ?
 Præterea, ne sic, ut qui jocularia, ridens
 Percurram : —quamquam ridentem dicere verum
 Quid vetat ? ut pueris olim dant erustula blandi
 Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima ; —
 Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.
 Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,
 Perfidus hic caupo, miles nautæque, per omne
 Audaces mare qui currunt, hæc mente laborem
 Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,
 Aiunt, quum sibi sint congesta eibaria : sicut
 Parvula, nam exemplo est, magni formica laboris
 Ore trahit quodeunque potest atque addit acervo,
 Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.
 Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
 Non usquam prorepat et illis utitur ante
 Quæsitis sapiens, quum te neque fervidus æstus
 Demoveat lucro, neque hiems, ignis, mare, ferrum,
 Nil obstet tibi, dum ne sit te ditior alter.
 Quid juvat immensum te argenti pondus et auri
 Furtim defossa timidum deponere terra ?

MISER: "Once touched, to one poor *as* sink all your treasures."

POET: "But if untouched, what charm do they display ?

"Perhaps you have some hundred thousand measures

"Of corn upon your threshing-floor to day ;

"Yet both our stomachs thence find equal pleasures.

"Slaves eat no more, though they in nets convey

"Loaves on their laden shoulders :—but say how

"It matters if he hundred acres plough,

"Or thousand, so by nature's law he live ?"

MISER: "Ah! but to gather from large heaps is sweet."

POET: "Whilst me enough my scanty stores can give,

"Why rather praise your granaries, I repeat,

"Than my small meal-tubs ? You can thirst relieve

"From cup or pitcher, yet you think more meet

"To drink from some great river of the land,

"Than from this little fountain close at hand.

"But hence it follows, he who craves too much

"Is with torn banks by Aufidus swept down,

"Whilst he who would a little only touch

"According to his need, shall never drown,

“Quod si comminuas, vilem redigatur ad assem.”
At ni id fit, quid habet pulchri constructus acervus?
Milia frumenti tua triverit area centum,
Non tuus hoc capiet venter plus ac meus: ut si
Reticulum panis venales inter onusto
Forte vehas humero, nihilo plus accipias quam
Qui nil portarit. Vel dic, quid referat intra
Naturæ fines viventi, jugera centum an
Mille arct? “At suave est ex magno tollere acervo.”
Dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquant,
Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nostris?
Ut tibi si sit opus liquidi non amplius urna,
Vel cyatho, et dicas’ “Magno de flumine mallem
Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere.” Eo fit,
Plenior ut si quos delectet copia justo,
Cum ripa simul avulsos ferat Aufidus acer.
At qui tantuli eget, quanto est opus, is neque limo
Turbatam haurit aquam neque vitam amittit in undis.

"Nor mud imbibe; yet most men more would
 clutch,
 "Deceived by greediness, wealth's false
 renown,
 "Nor aught to think enough would ever seem;
 "And cry, who has the most, we most esteem.

"What do with such an one? Why, let him
 be
 "Unhappy, since it seems he will be so;
 "Thus it was told at Athens how that he,
 "The sordid rich man, would all heedless
 go,
 "Despising all the folks' scurrility;
 "'Let people hiss,' he cried, 'but well I
 know
 "I praise myself when I at home once more
 "Gaze gladly on my wealth in secret store.'"

"From Tantalus' parched lips the rivers
 rolled—
 "Why laugh? Change names, the tale is
 told of you;
 "Greedy you sleep and gape on bags of gold,
 "Yet them like pictures you would merely
 view,
 "Or sacred things; say, were you never told
 "Of money's use and power; its true design,
 "To purchase bread, and oil, and cups of wine,

"And add besides things human nature
 grieves
 "To miss? But would you watch, half
 dead with fear,

At bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falso.

“Nil satis est,” inquit; “quia tanti, quantum habcas, sis.”

Quid facias illi? Jubeas miserum esse, libenter
 Quatenus id facit; ut quidam memoratur Athenis
 Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces
 Sic solitus: “Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
 Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.”
 Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat
 Flumina..... Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
 Fabula narratur: congestis undiq̄uo saccis
 Indormis inhians et tamquam parcere sacris
 Cogoris aut pictis tamquam gaudere tabellis.
 Nescis quo valeat nummus? quem præbeat usum?
 Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius, addc,
 Quis humana sibi doleat natura negatis.
 An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque

“ Servants, incendiaries, and evil thieves,
 “ Lest they run off with these your riches
 dear ?

“ Would that please you ? The less such
 burden cleaves

“ To me the better ; I'd be pauper here.”

MISER : “ But should some cold through all your
 body spread,

“ Or other illness make you keep your bed,

“ Cannot wealth buy you watchers, and prepare

“ Your fomentations, and your doctor pray

“ To heal you, and restore you, by his eare,

“ To ehildreu and dear friends, with least
 delay ?

POET : “ You're wrong ; your wife or son would
 never share

“ Wish for your health ; and nothing less
 than they,

“ Your neighbours hate you all, and all who
 know you,

“ The very boys and girls dislike will show you.”

“ After your mouey wheu all things you plae,

“ Not to gain love uearned ; is that your
 wonder ?

“ If friends and uatural kin you would
 embrace

“ And keep by means like this, no less your
 blunder

“ Than his who tries to make a young ass pae

“ The Campus wide, with reins to keep him
 under.

“ Fear poverty no more, uor more require,

“ Since you have now attained to your desire.

Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
Ne te compilent fugientis, hoc juvat? Horum
Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum.
“ At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus,
Aut alius casus lecto te adfixit, habes qui
Adsideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
Suscitet ac gnatis reddat carisque propinquis? ”
Non uxor salvum te vult, non filius; omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri atque puellæ.
Miraris, quum tu argento post omnia ponas,
Si nemo præstet quem non merearis amorem?
An, si cognatos, nullo-natura labore
Quos tibi dat, retinere velis servareque amicos,
Infelix operam perdas? ut si quis asellum
In Campo doceat parentem currere frenis.
Denique sit finis quærendi, quumque habeas plus,
Pauperiem metuas minus et finire laborem
Incipias, parto quod avebas, ne facias quod

" Not like Ummidius, who, as they relate
 " (Not long the story,) measured out his
 gold,
 " Such was his wealth, yet sordidness as great
 " Made him dress worse than slaves, in
 garments old,
 " And to his latest moment feared that fate
 " Should him within the gripe of famine
 hold.
 " His freedwoman cleft him; the fiercest she
 " Of all the murderous Tyndaridæ.

MISER: What then persuade? That I should live
 like those

" Mænius and Nomentanus spendthrift-
 twain?

POET: " Why bring together things which must
 oppose?

" Altho' from avarice I would restrain,

" No good-for-nothing course I now propose,

" Nor wish low scoundrel deeds your life to
 stain.

" 'Twixt Tanais and the wife's sire of Visellus!

" What difference is, need any man to tell us?

" There is a mean, and certain bounds are set;

" Pass beyond these, the right you cannot
 find.

" I to my theme return. Does no one yet

" Approve his lot, as of our miser's mind,

" But that he is not some one else regret?

" And will he pine away, with envy blind,

" And at some neighbour's goat be much
 offended,

" Because than his with udder more distended?

Ummidius quidam ; non longa est fabula : dives,
Ut metiretur nummos ; ita sordidus, ut se
Non unquam servo melius vestiret ; ad usque
Supremum tempus, ne se penuria victus
Opprimeret, metuebat. At hunc liberta securi
Divisit medium, fortissima Tyndaridarum.

“Quid mi igitur suades ? ut vivam Mænius ? aut sic
Ut Nomentanus ?” Pergis pugnantia secum
Frontibus adversis componere : non ego, avarum
Quum veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.
Est inter Tanain quiddam socerumque Viselli.
Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.
Illuc, unde abii, redeo, nemo ut avarus
Se probet ac potius laudet diversa sequentes,
Quodque aliena capella gerat distentius uber,

“Nor with the pauper crowd himself compare ?

“This man and that to overcome he tries ;

“Still in this race he finds a richer there ;

“ So when the chariot from the barrier hies,

“The charioteer will lavish all his care,

“To pass the foremost which the swiftest flies,

“And scarcely deigns a single glance to cast

“Upon his beaten rivals lagging last.

“Thus rarely is it that we find a man,

“Who when he reaches life’s extremest bound,

“Can calmly say that through it’s varied span

“Contented with his lot he still was found ;

“And when the time comes for departure can

“Smile, like a well-filled guest, on all around.

“Enough, we add no more ; we must confine us,

“Lest thought to borrow from blear-eyed Crispinus.”

Tabeseat, neque se majori pauperiorum
Turbæ eomparet, hunc atque hunc superare laboret.
Sic festinanti semper loeupletior obstat,
Ut, quum careeribus missos rapit ungula currus,
Instat equis auriga suos vineentibus, illum
Præteritum temnes extremos inter cuntem.
Inde fit, ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat et exacto contentus tempore vita
Cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.
Jam satis est. Ne me Crispini scrinia lippi
Compilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam.





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Horatius Flaccus, Q.

The odes, epodes, etc. of
Horace.

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